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to
Edward H Bonsall Esqr

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with sincere regards and affectionate
esteem of

John Wesley Bonsall

of Dublin

August 1st 1838

Ireland

SECOND EDITION.
"A VISION OF DEATH'S DESTRUCTION,"
And other Poems.

WITH "THE PORTE-FEUILLE,
In One Volume, 8vo.—Price 10s. 6d.

BY T. J. OUSELEY.

Whittaker & Co. London—J. G. Brown, Leicester.

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'No line which dying he could wish to blot.'"

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A VISION

OF

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DEATH'S DESTRUCTION,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

(SECOND EDITION,)

AND

THE PORTE-FEUILLE.

BY

THOMAS JOHN OUSELEY,

"
EDITOR OF THE LEICESTER CONSERVATIVE STANDARD.

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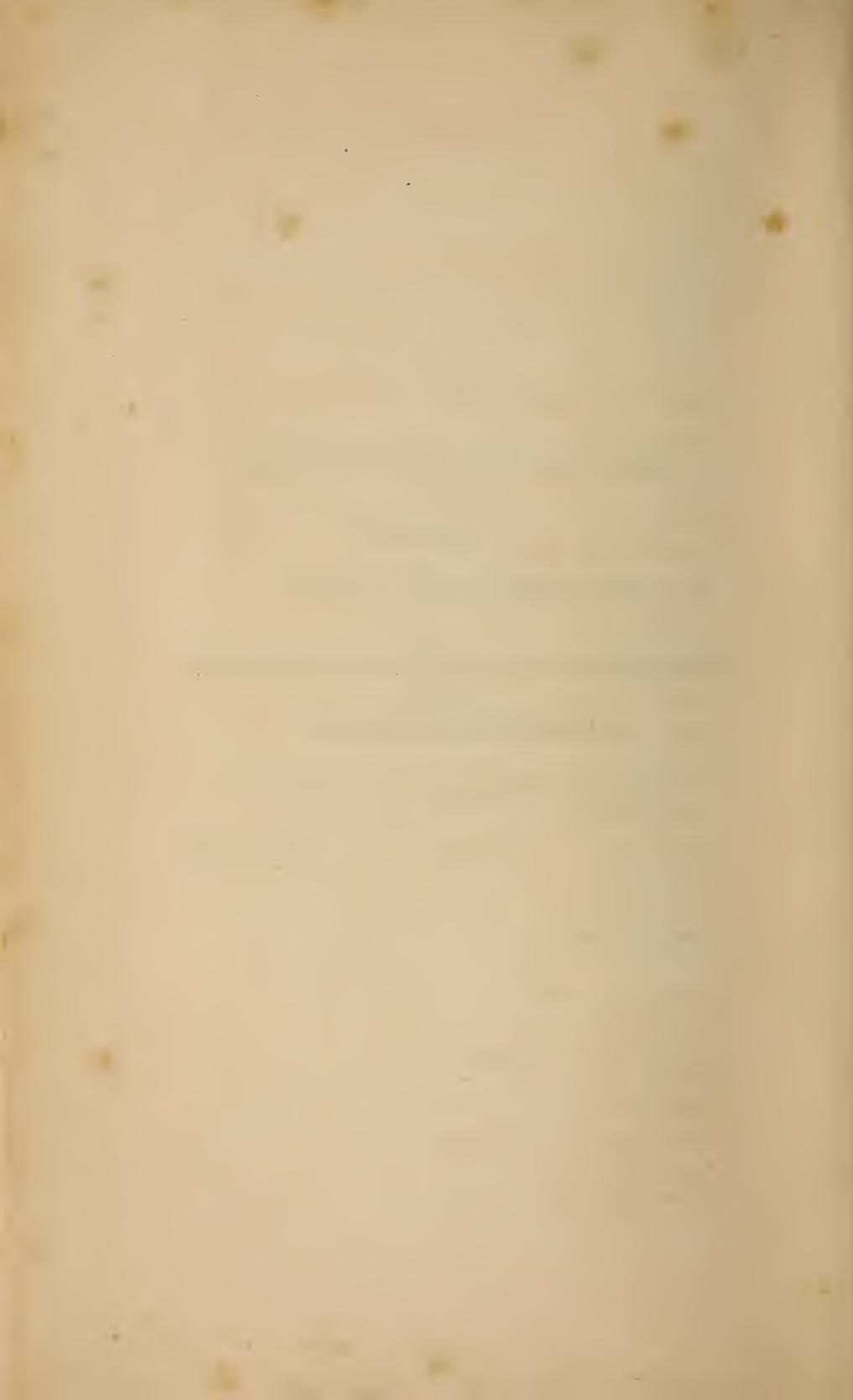
MANY VIRTUES AS A MAN, AND A CHRISTIAN,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED,

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THE AUTHOR.

LEICESTER, Nov 1836.



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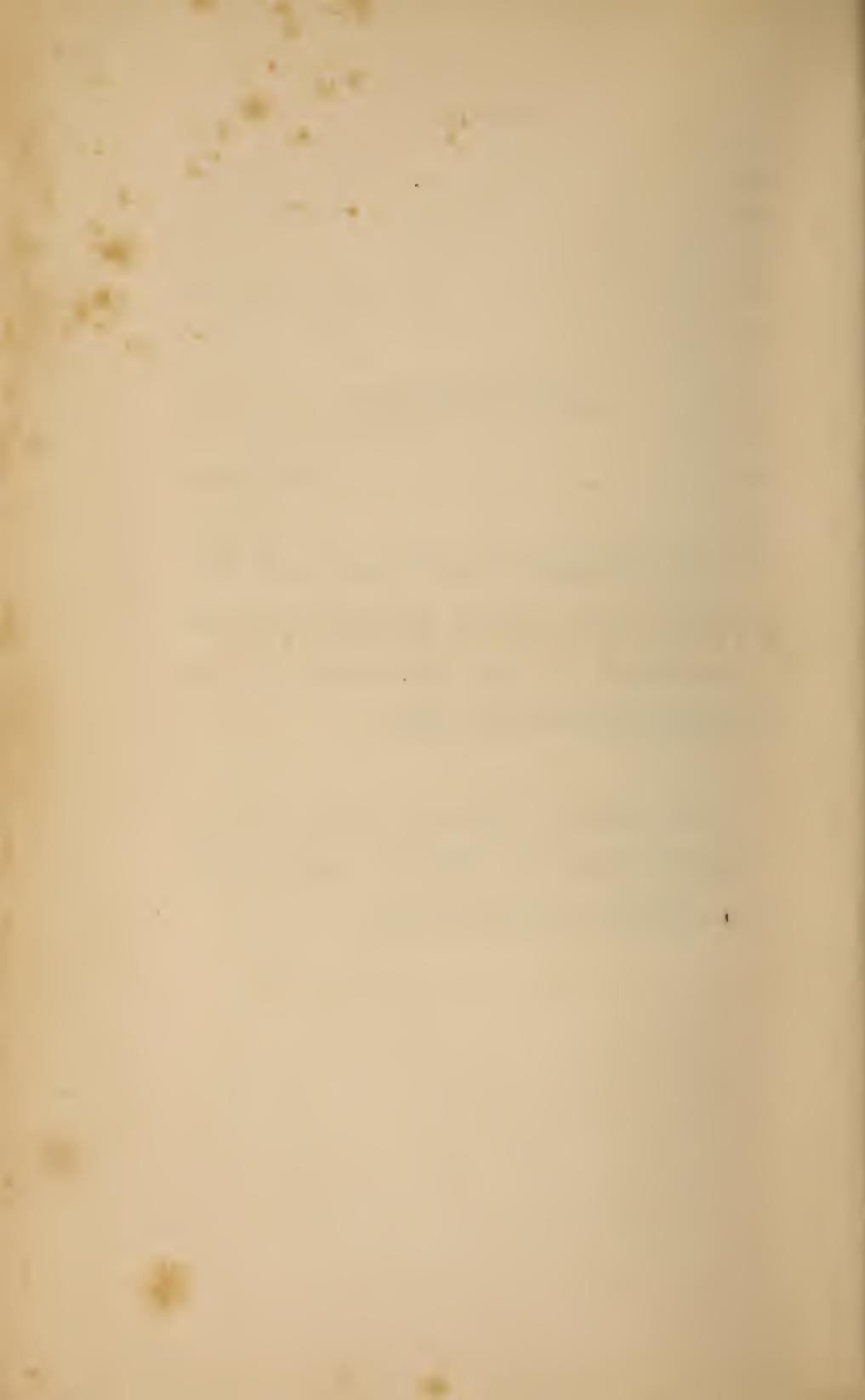
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ADVERTISEMENT.

The *first Edition* of these “Poems” having been favourably received, a *Second*, considerably enlarged by the addition of “The Porte-Feuille,” is now respectfully presented to the Public.

To the Nobility, Clergy, and others, who have so kindly patronised the Work, the Author tenders his most grateful acknowledgements.



A VISION OF DEATH'S DESTRUCTION,

&c.

“ And I looked, and behold, a pale horse ; and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him : and power was given unto them, over the fourth part of the earth to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth.”

Revelation vi. 8.

A VISION OF DEATH'S DESTRUCTION.

METHOUGHT I saw the monster *death* stalk forth,
Amid all things that live in this sad world :
Chameleon like, he did so often change,
That none were guarded for his coming hour ;
And being reckless of his withering touch,
Were struck when least expected !—Then methought,
I saw him leaning o'er a fair young girl,
Showing *Consumption* where to trace its course ;
Which, like the serpent hid beneath the flower,—
Took so secure a seat within her heart

That little did she dream *death* was so nigh ;
But smiling with the rose-hue on her cheek
Seemed as though life was revelling in its prime.—
By her there sat a being, whose worn face,
Shewed nights of watching !—and methought he spake ;
On bended knees, with looks of agony,
And thus address'd the murderer of his peace :
“ Strike not another blow on this white head,
“ Thou hast ta'en all ! save one, dear, only child ;
(“ She is the comfort of my ebbing life)
“ All ! all ! have shrunk like flowers within thy grasp,
“ And would'st thou pluck that *lily* from my hand,
“ The only flower my wintry year has left ?
“ Oh ! spare for mercy !—look at her young eye
“ Beaming with filial love !—on my grey head,
“ Whose palsied movements, and whose bitter tears,
“ Coursing their passage down my furrowed cheek,
“ Should plead like angels' tongues, to make thee stay
“ Thy hand from this foul deed !—If thou must strike,
“ Let me partake the shaft that slays my lamb.”

Death paused!—A brighter glow came o'er her face,
Her eye did shine with more than mortal light;
'Twas faith, and hope, and love, that glisten'd there;
The *father* thought his prayer was not in vain,
But oh! how blind is sight of mortal eye:
No sooner had he press'd her to his heart,
Than all was silent!—*death* had done his work,
Methought the monster *smiled*, and then, intent
On other deeds of agonizing woe,
Departed.—

The Spirit of my dream then led me on
To where the clang of battle-fray was heard,
Where drum and trumpet echoed through my brain,
With shrieks, and cries of victory and death!
While the wild war-horse, rider-less, rush'd forth,
Trampling alike o'er dying and the dead!—
The groans of agony that rent the air,
The oaths of blasphemy that struck my ear,
The prayers of those whose homes were far away,

Of fathers for their children ; husbands, wives ;
Sounded as though that hell had broke its chain,
And desolation swept the very earth !

But oh, *one* shriek did strike me more than all !
It was a voice so strong, and yet so sweet,
Pleading with Death to hold his bloody hand ;
But the hard tyrant would not hear her sigh ;
A voice of agony sent up to heaven,
Calling on Him whose love is chastisement,
To send His aid of comfort to her soul :
A *widow*'s prayer of wretched misery !—
I saw her as she knelt beside of him
Who had to her been all the world held dear,
For there the gallant soldier gave his breath,
To glory, honour, and his country's fame ;—
I saw her place her first-born by his side,
His look of peace shed comfort o'er her soul ;
But oh, that face would never beam again,
Those lips to hers would never more be press'd,

Those arms on which her head so oft had lain,
Were cold and helpless ! One hand grasp'd a sword,
Whose bloody point did but too plainly shew
How he had dealt destruction on the foe.
The cry of Husband ! met with no response,—
She knelt, indeed, *alone*!—save but to Him
Who is the Father of the fatherless !
And as she held her orphan up to heaven,
Calling on God to shield its innocence,
All, all was hush'd ! Nature seem'd wrapt in sleep ;
The field of war was silent as the grave !
No noise, no breath, no motion, spoke of life ;—
How awful was the silence of that hour !

Methought at last I heard a murmuring sound,
Like to the sighing of a summer's breeze ;
I saw a dark spot moving through the air,
And as it nearer came unto my sight,
Millions of angels hovered o'er the earth,
And with the wafting of their downy wings,

Blew such a gale, that heaven's vault was rent,
A flood of light did drown the puny sun,
And then, methought I saw a throne of pearl,
Whereon the God of Mercy took his seat ;
A robe of glory shut his face from view,
'Twas studded with the countless stars of heaven,
And the sweet music of unnumber'd tongues,
Singing ecstatic praise to Him above,
Floated along the undefiled air ;
When, at a signal from His mighty arm,
The widow's prayer was ushered to its home,
The babe fell from her grasp a pallid corse,—
And heaven gained an angel by its death.

The Spirit of my dream still urged me on,
To follow in the monster's murky track ;
His iron breast was proof to misery,
His ruthless step would never stay its pace.
The lordly palace, and the beggar's hut,
Met no distinction from his equal hand ;

The gilded couch, and bed of softest down,
The pauper's pallet, and the mat of straw,
Each had received him inmate to their state.

A churchyard was the garden of his love,
O'er which at midnight he was wont to stray ;—
He water'd it with sweat of agony,
That dropt from off the brow of dying man ;
A tomb-stone was his dear *Forget me not* ;
(A sweet remembrancer to those that live,)
A new-dug grave was called by him *Heart's ease*,
(For there alone the weary heart can rest ;)
And the rank odour from the rotten dead
Served for the *Sweetbriar* of his gay bouquet.

The tyrant laughed with thrilling ecstasy,
(Some new destructive thought had struck his mind,)
I never shall forget its horrid ring !
When, at the echo of his mighty voice,
Which made the very earth beneath me shake,

Spirits arose to serve him at command,
And thus his incantation did begin :—

“ God of *Love*, it is thy part,
“ To subdue a maiden’s heart,
“ Who has never felt thy power ;
“ Make her stubborn bosom cower !
“ Teach her eye to weep,
“ From its lid take sleep ;
“ Teach her breast to sigh,
“ That ’twere bliss to die !
“ Let night to her be,
“ An eternity ;
“ And the day so bright,
“ To her dark as night !—
“ With thy sting,
“ Probe her heart ;
“ Speed thy wing,
“ Quick ! depart !

“ Now *Deception* hear my say,
“ Steal that maiden’s heart away ;
“ Tell her you are *more* than love,
“ Swear it by the God above !—
“ Let thy false tongue wile,
“ From her cheek a smile ;
“ Let thy false eye speak,
“ From a blushing cheek !
“ Trust hypocrisy,
“ For a deep drawn sigh ;
“ When you’ve done the deed,
“ Her soft heart will bleed :—
“ Then forsake ;
“ When she’s won
“ Her heart break ;
“ Haste ! begone !”

No sooner was the mandate ushered forth,
Than Love took wing towards a blest abode ;
Where paradise in miniature did stand,

And there, reclining in a rosy bower,
(Deception hidden 'neath his wily wing,)
He waited for the coming of his prey!—
The victim came, all drest in innocence,
With heart untainted, and with mind as pure
As angels' thoughts on holy mission sent;
Her face and form, so fair, so beautiful;
Oh, 'twere a pity she had e'er been born,
To be a sacrifice to deed so damned!—
There she stood!—in all that sunny bower,
No rose could vie or match her beauteous cheek.—

Assuming form of man, Deception knelt,
In humble attitude before the shrine;
Pouring such strains of magic in her ear,
As ne'er were heard since paradise was lost;
When the first Tempter sang of bliss to Eve!
Her eyelid quivered, as she faintly breathed,
Her blood, a burning flood of lava grew,
And rushing through her heart, stained a pure cheek,

With mortal passion, and with mortal woe !
For *Love* had stabbed her with ethereal fire !—
She Loved !—Oh, none but those who feel can tell
The dreadful misery that word involves ;
It is an April day, with sunny showers,
For tears and love are mixed in one sad draught,
And they who drink, must sip from sorrow's cup !
They loved !—at least she loved !—he *spoke* of love ;
She answered not, but with a deep drawn sigh,
From out the very fountain of her peace,
Proclaimed her heart was wounded to its core.
Ah ! little thought she of her coming doom,
As the false Judas kissed her trembling lip ;
Ah ! little thought she, that so sweet a breath
Was pouring blight upon her happiness :
But so it was ! he gained the object sought,
And then forsook the poor heart-stricken dove !
Lonely she pined !—her mate had fled its nest,
Whither she knew not ; and she watched in vain,
The rise, and setting, of the glorious sun !

She'd stand for hours, and gaze upon the moon,
Thinking of him, whose love to her was life ;
Whilst silent tears would steal adown her face :
Sometimes a gleam of hope would light her eye,
That he, at that same hour might think of her ;
Looking, like her, upon the orb of night :
Then a dark cloud would gather o'er her brow,
And deep Despair would wrestle with her life ;
When Hope, and Faith, had left her in his toil !—
One thought of him ; one firm-set trust in heaven ;
One sound, as calm as infant's breath in sleep ;
And then she sank to bliss beyond the stars.
The deed was done !—a yell of fiendish joy
Declared the consummation of *death's* wish
A *broken heart* lay in his purpled hand,
On which in exultation he did gaze,
Quenching his eyes of fire with drops of blood !

The Spirit of my dream then carried me
To where the mind had lost its hold on man ;

Where Reason had forsook her tenement,
Whilst diving deep to seek poetic fire.
Days, nights of study ! all for paltry fame,
Whose loudest trumpet-sound is but a breath
That's wafted into nothingness by time :
Whose brethren are pride and vanity,
E'en when the sternest need compels them on.
And yet they prate of glory and of love,
Who never saw the field of bloody strife,
Nor felt the arrow that doth pierce the soul ;
Of tournaments, and ladies' gallant knights,
Their lists, the coffin, and their love, the worm ;
For *death* is lurking near to snatch his prey !—
I saw a being thus ! whose care-worn face,
(Which ever and anon grew deadly pale)
Whose burning forehead, and whose fiery eyes,
Betokened more or less of human weal.
He started from a silent reverie
Into the most ungovernable rage ;
Clanking his chains on high, with horrid laugh,

And cursing the Creator of his life !
Then would he kneel him down, and pray, and weep,
So humbly piteous, that an infant's moan
Were mockery to his plea of misery.
And then he'd be a prophet, and pour forth
Language so fine, as almost to persuade
Reason to wish for madness.—And he looked
Sublimely beautiful ; his jetty locks,
Rivalling the raven's wing ;—his bold eye
Facing the sun, with more than eagle strength ;
His attitude a picture of command,
Like Joshua when he stretched forth his arm,
Bidding the sun and moon to stay their course,
Whilst Israel's children smote the Amorites.—
But this prophetic fury lasted not ;
Death, jealous that he could not slay the mind,
Placed his cold hand upon that noble brow ;
The *maniac* gave a shrill, convulsive cry,
A cry of joy, at his supposed success,
To laurel crown and immortality !

But wreaths of cypress with the bays were wove ;
That tongue was palsied, ne'er to speak again !
That hand, which gave to thought a surer keep
Than the poor flimsy fabric of a brain,
Was clenched by *death*, within those raven locks !—

Why should mortality be but a span ?
Why should a mother suffer all her pains,
Give *days*, and *months*, to nurture our young wants,
When her fond labour, perfected shoots forth,
Death comes with *years*, and snaps the vital coil ?—
Oh ! wondrous subject for philosophy !
That knowledge cannot penetrate the will
Of Him who is the Lord of Life and Death !
We wonder ! but we wander :—'tis in vain
To dive into the depths of mystery ;
'Tis chancing all that makes a bliss of life ;
'Tis drowning reason in a phantasy !

Hark!—hark!—I hear a most unearthly voice,
Yet it is one of earth's in agony,
Casting defiance to the God of heaven!
One whom the world doth call an ATHEIST;
Better an *Idiot*!—for fools alone
Are blind to reason's light!—Oh, blasphemy,
Why dost thou take thy course from human lips,
And breathe damnation on mortality!
An oath! a curse! Omnipotence defied!
The great Creator of the universe,
Beneath whose throne, sun, moon, and stars, do shine
In pitchy darkness, compared to His light,—
Whose whisper is the thunder's loudest crash!
Whose eye!—ah, who can e'er describe that eye,
All seeing! though unseen!—Who, with a look,
Shoots forth his forked lightnings on the blast!
Rending the earth with quakes; the sea with floods!
At whose breath, the Angel of Destruction
Crusheth the world to sightless atomies!—
Whose whisper is to cheer the drooping soul,

With faith on Him who died to save mankind ;
Whose eye looks down with mercy upon all,
Shedding its light to comfort human woe :—
Whose breath speaks pure forgiveness to the worm,
Who pleads for it, with earnestness of heart,
Sending repentance to the throne of grace ;
Where mediation ne'er is made in vain.

Infatuate blindness !—How can sane man
Look at the smallest thing that crawls on earth,
Without acknowledging the *Deity* ?
In the still night, watch thou the firmament,
If thou canst count the stars that shine therein !
If thou canst bid the moon to stay her light !
If thou canst reach it even in thy thought !
If thy *conception* can create a heaven !
And if thy *mind* can work the universe !
Then being *more* than *man*, thou may'st have *doubt* ;—
But when thy puny mind is overwhelmed
With wonder and with awe ! when thy poor brain

Is strained to bursting, to conceive *a thought* ;
Then must thy heart respond, *there is a God* !
And fear and love must then encircle thee.

He raved, there was no God ! yet God there was !
He strove to pray, yet oaths did check his speech ;
He laughed in ecstasy ; and then he wept ;
He dared death !—but yet he fear'd to die !
And then his eyes did turn so ashy pale ;
Then would they change to livid balls of blood :
His face, which once was fair to look upon,
Looked bloated, black, envenomed like his mind ;
And the rank steam, that left his maddened brain,
(Death's dew drops, on the very flower of life,)
Would trickle, cold as ice, adown his cheek.
—Oh, *horror* !—if thou hadst no other sight
But dying man, without a hope of bliss ;
Thou'dst have enough to make the stoutest heart
Quail with a chilly sense of misery.

This was a merry pastime for the fiend ;
He tortured him, but let him struggle on
For hours upon the rack of agony.—
Oh, it were bliss to linger *ever* thus,
With the fond hope, *repentance* might avail,
Than be cast off to an enduring life,
Midst endless years of never-dying pain !
Death, cruel in his mercy, let him die,
The Atheist!—the wreck of God's best work.

And then, methought I heard a voice in prayer,
(Strong in its weakness, whispering its faith ;)
Whilst angels hovered round a dying man,
Fanning his mortal agony away,
And with the glory of the Seraphim,
Lighting his weary spirit to its home.
Death would have passed, unheedful of his pain,
But the soft aspirations of true love
For Him who shed his blood to save mankind ;
From one who bore his rankling agony,

In meekly imitating that good God
Who took our nature on his spotless soul ;
Rose to the glory of the highest heaven.

And then, methought a silence reigned above,
When the great book of truth was opened wide,
Wherein all good and evil deeds are writ ;
And the benignant angel, *Mercy*, stood
Upon the right hand of the throne of Him
Who swayed the eternal spheres his breath had made ;
And pleaded immortality of bliss,
For him whose name was registered therein.—
Though born in sin, as one of Adam's sons,
He had received in infancy the mark
That linked him to the Saviour of the world :
And from the upward course, from manhood's state,
Had, 'gainst the frailty that stains mortal things,
Struggled with firmness to subdue the fiend
Who lurks about to tempt the pure of heart,
When left unguarded, by his subtle power.

A *child* of duty to his earthly tribe,
Blessing the age of those who watched his youth,
A *husband* keeping faith in promises
Sworn by him at the sacred altar's shrine,
A *father* rearing forth his progeny,
To worship Him who reigns the God of all !
But yet a man of sorrow—no, of toil,
For sorrow touched not his cheerful heart :
He knew it was decreed from the first sin,
That man should sweat and burden on the earth ;
And with that load borne meekly on his back,
Walked stedfastly upon his duty's path,
Till hoary Time blew coldly on his blood,
And sat him down the grandsire of a race,
Like to a patriarch of olden day ;—
E'en then, his never-tiring spirit strove
To exalt the pledge bestowed by God on man.
Surrounded by a flock sprung from his loins,
He'd preach the word of truth each rising sun,

And with the sinking of its latest beam
Kneel down in penitential prayer and love !

The world might scoff!—That unbelieving mass,
Who feel not what their senses cannot touch ;
Who trust alone to organs of decay,
As though with them they sank to nothingness ;
Letting the soul lie dormant in her cell,
Extinguishing the very light of life,
Which should throw lustre o'er the cloudy shroud,
That cases in this wall of living earth !—

The world did scoff!—The covenanted sects
That look with piteous contempt on those
Who will not follow their dogmatic track,
Shook not the firmness of that withering type.
He, like a sturdy oak, had braved the storm
Of many winters with adversity,
And now that faith was strengthened by age,

He feared not to face the unkind blast.

All, he would fain believe, were Christian men

That read the blessed book of holy writ;

Having the good Messiah for their trust,

Howe'er they might fall off from that great tree,

Shooting their wanton tendrils from its root;—

No soul to him was past salvation's hope;

He dared not question the Most High command,

Nor judge, lest judgement should envelope him;

But the conclusion of his deepest thoughts

Was that the good, the just Omnipotent,

Would shew his mercy wheresoe'er he would.

And then, methought the blood, shed by the Lamb,

Fell as a tear-drop on the book of life,

And blotted out those sins entailed on him,

When he first wailed his being to the earth!

The *dying Christian* feared not *death's* approach,

But with a soft sweet smile received the boon,

That made immortal the mortality.

He stood before the presence of his God,
Clad in the vesture of immortal life,
Pure from earthly contagion and care :
The face of Him whom man yet never saw,
Shone on the faithful servant of his trust,
And made him messenger from glory's throne,
A blissful angel in the state of heaven !

The Spirit of my dream forsook me not ;
Death terribly kept up his wage with life ;
No sooner had Destruction struck one blow,
Than his untiring arm, dyed red with blood,
Was raised to quench another vital flame.
— I saw a warrior thick set in fight,
With a cuirass and helm of fine wrought steel,
His nodding plume waved gaily in the wind,
Like some fair lady beckoning to her love ;
As with a battle-axe he hewed his path
Through the dense ranks of many a dastard foe :

His war-shout, *Liberty!*—each cry a death !
O ! how that word doth warm the patriot's heart ;
How the blood mantles o'er a freeman's brow,
Giving a double strength to every blow,
When charging through the ranks of despotism !

O, Liberty ! thou nature's second god,
Let but a bondsman see thy glorious light,
And he will more than feel his galling chain ;
Thy spirit is the dearest friend of man :
The diadem that glitters on the front
Of tyrant monarchy, sits heavier far
Upon its tottering, uneasy throne,
Than doth the cap of meagre poverty,
When freedom animates the human soul !—
Oh ! why should the Creator's noblest work
Stand less accounted than the brutes of earth ?
But so it is : some minds are basely born,
And the dull slug is drunk to sense of shame.
Patriotism!—thou art so grafted

On the hearts of men : all climes, all nations,
Feel thy loving power ! The very Heathen
Look on the soil where life first dawned on them,
With more than common love ! E'en wretched want
Forsaketh not its hut of misery,
Without a sigh for days gone past recall !
All things of life cling to their first of home
By instinct. And shall man, who is endowed
With reason, yield to brute ? Oh, blushing shame,
Draw thy thick veil of darkness o'er his form ;
Despised, let him trail a lingering life,
Friendless, alone, and hopeless, in the world ;
No woman's love to cheer his dawn of day,
No good man's prayer, to soothe his dying hour.

The flower of chivalry achieved more feats
Than ever mortal arm before had won ;
Being encompassed by a tyrant host,
With mounds his sword and axe had scattered round,
Nature gave way before the stroke of him

Who values no degree of good or ill ;
Strikes with the same unerring, heartless aim,
The brave and free, the coward and the slave.—
He sank in glory's arms ! Fame held a wreath
Of never-dying laurel o'er his head ;
And with the life's-blood ebbing from his wounds,—
His knightly banner in his left hand clenched,
And in his right, with broken sword upraised,
He shouted Freedom ! Victory ! and—God !
And fell the topmost of a heap of slain,
Crowning the conquest with a Patriot's death.

Another scene of pain and wretchedness
Was forced upon my startled, aching sight ;
Another victim waits his final doom !
Hark ! how he mutters on that bed of straw
Misery's outcast ! Poverty is marked
On every feature of that haggard face,
On all that doth surround that hapless form.
Yet he is happy ! aye, more happy far

Than they who live in splendid luxury.

He's *more* than man, and yet he's *less* than man !

He fears not *death*, he counteth not on time,

His heart, his soul, his god, is made of **GOLD** !—

It glitters on the mouldy crust he eats,

And feedeth both his body and his mind :

It shines upon the dank straw where he sleeps,

Which is to him a bed of eider-down ;—

The very rags that hide his squalid form

Are plates of sterling gold, that warm his heart :

They hide his treasure, *they* conceal his joy,

They get more for him than a fur-robed gown ;

At sight of *them*, compassion melts men's hearts,

From whom *he* melteth endless stores of bliss.—

O ! he is rich, the chink of gold ! gold ! gold !

Is sweeter music to his panting soul

Than Orpheus ever tuned upon his lyre,—

Lulls him to rest, and wakes him on the morn,—

And he philosophizes ; making most

Of things which are made less by other men.

The crumbs that break from off his musty bread
Are swept back for another luscious feast.
He counteth rice grains, and he thinks it sin
To exceed a certain stipulation,
Which he doth calculate so closely on,
As not to add an atom to his flesh,
For fear of making that same gain a loss.—
List ! how he counts his gold, as *death* counts hours,
“ A hundred thousand, all but one rich pound !
“ Oh, I shall never get that precious coin !
“ Yes ! yes !—I'll sell my straw ; the earth is warm ;
“ Oh, blind extravagance ! that I should fare,
“ And clothe, and lie so sumptuously :
“ Sure, sure, I have been mad !— Now I'll be wise,
“ And get me *proper* raiment ; this is too good,
“ It ill becomes so *poor* a wretch as me !”—
He counts again, and poring o'er each piece,
Sees new-found treasure in the glittering dust,
Making imagination feed his soul ;
He sees not *death*,—no ! no ! he sees but gold !!

Oh, *avarice*, thou worst of human ill,
Thou never-dying vulture of the mind ;
Woe ! woe ! to him who takes thee to his breast,
Religion ne'er can soothe his troubled soul :
His adoration cannot fix on heaven,
He never thinketh on futurity ;
Hence is the present, to his craving thought,—
Love ! woman's love ! might perish in the blast,
Ere his heart's warmth would ever nourish her :
Affection is denied him to mankind,
All feelings, senses, hopes, and fears, are wrapt
In that one fatal poison to men's souls,
Gold ! beauteous,—*damned* slayer of the mind ;
The strongest hold that Satan has on man ;
Its weight doth make the hand of justice shake,
Buys penitential pardon from the priest ;
E'en after death it damns the bigot fool,
Bequeathing masses for his guilty soul.
Man lifts his arm, to slay his fellow man !
Murders committed in the face of heaven !

Millions are slain in *honorable* war !
Freemen made slaves ! and desolated homes !
Affections bartered at the altar's foot !
Dowry, not love, the marriage perjured vow !
A *son* imagining a *father's* death !
Reading the Will ! Sorrow a cloak for Joy !—
All, all, for gold !—Honor is bought with it ;
It hideth sin too deep for eye of man ;
The rich alone are wise, and cannot err !
Accursed error, that the work of God
Should be admeasured by its depth of dross !
That outward ornament should conceal vice,
And virtue be enclad in Poverty !—
Death could not tarry, and he would be seen,
He would be heard, and felt, and be obeyed :—
The **MISER** still kept clinging to his wealth,
And with the pains of death upon his heart
He murmured, “ Oh, my coffin and my grave,
“ ’Twill ruin me ! my gold ! my darling gold !”
Gave an hysterick cry, and fell a corse !!

Like some tall ship scudding before the gale,
Whose spars are creaking in the tempest's howl ;
Death sailed majestically on his course,
Cleaving the air with his unwearied wings :—
I followed in the shadow of his trail,
Destruction heralding his stern approach,
As men, like reeds, bent down before his breath ;
He sat enthroned on pestilential air,
And those, who homage paid unto his state,
Withered like years before the scythe of Time ;
He drank libation from a cup of tears,
Which Grief had mingled from Affliction's fount ;
Their very bitterness to him was sweet
As purest nectar, banqueted by gods ;
Whetting his ever-craving appetite.—
A MURDERER stood in horrible dismay,
With blood of innocence upon his soul ;
Remorse had set its seal upon his face ;
The bones protruded from his shrivelled skin ;
His eyes sunk deep within a tortured brow ;

Parched lips, with unstrung nerves, and clotted hair,
He stood a skeleton of living flesh :—
His aspect spoke that conscience had cut deep
Within an agonized repentant breast.

Oh ! what a dreadful curse did Cain entail,
When he first proved the power of man o'er man,—
The eagle with the dove, or wolf with lamb,
Preying upon their helpless captive's blood,
Were strong temptations to that jealous mind,
Which set the brand upon the outcast's brow,
And made him wander o'er the barren earth,
Hopeless and hapless !—with his victim's form
Graved by the hand of conscience on his heart ;—
Intrepid madness !—that can urge vain man,
To war with the decree of the Most High,
And throw defiance to the vault of heaven !—
Doth not the dread of yawning, depthless *hell*,
And the dun smoke that cloaketh evil deeds,
Strike terror to the soul's rebellious front !

Doth not that glaring, never-dying fire,
Shine horribly upon the hand of blood,
Shewing the smallest speck that's left therein?—
Doth not the victim's dying shriek of pain,
Which rattles in its mortal agony,
Haunt thee with fearful spectres of the past?—
Doth not the present fright thy coward soul,
To think thou'l have no blessed sepulchre,
That slimy worms will feed upon thy heart!
Aye,—that bold heart of thine, that dared rebel
Against the great inscrutable command,
“*No murder shalt thou do!*”—Art not abashed,
To see the crawling shadow of thyself,
And know those limbs, which ply so beautiful,
Will rot within a narrow bed of earth?
No love of God, or man, to follow thee:
And that thy soul will stand dyed deep in blood,
Awaiting judgment for thy body's deeds,
When the last trump shall echo through the world.—

The man of blood entreated that stern *death*
Would grant him shelter in some lonely grave,
To hide him from that greatest fear—*himself!*—
What awful power has conscience o'er the mind,
It is the voice of God that speaks therein ;
And though sin may be hid from mortal sight,
Yet the All-seeing Eye will search it out,
And in the guilty bosom plant a worm,
That gnaweth retribution from the heart.—
His prayer was heard, the cold sod covered him,
Hemlock and night-shade flourished o'er his corse ;
The owl screeched, as it passed the unhallowed ground ;
The raven, flitting through the moonlit gloom,
Croaking its sluggish course, looked like some sprite
Of evil, that was watching for its prey ;
And the deep howl of many a hungered wolf,
That scented blood upon the midnight breeze,
Sounded the requiem of the *murderer!*—
No grass did shed its verdure on the spot ;
And, save the moaning of the chilly wind,

Which sighed amid the dismal leafless trees,

His epitaph was writ by Solitude !

A mist came o'er my sight, concealing all,

Save the huge form of him who swayed my dream,

Whose eyes shot streams of fire, that lit my path,

Like torches, through the fog of the dense air,

As I proceeded, spell-bound, on my way.—

Methought the veil fell from before my eyes,

And the wide world of waters met my view ;

The sun was rising from his bed of night ;

No breath of air did stir the mighty deep ;

As he came forth the god of all the spheres,

Like a gay bridegroom decked in nuptial tire,

Smiling upon the mirror of his pride.—

A beauteous Brigantine sat on the wave,

Bowing her head, to meet the gentle swell,

As the calm water rippled round her prow ;—

The snow-white sails were flapping on her yards,

And softest zephyrs kissed her panting sides :

She slowly glided, like a stately swan,
Along her smooth unvariable course.—
It was a morn for nature's holiday ;
The happy *Mariner* sang forth his lay,
In sweet though homely strain,—his thoughts on love,
And her who plighted him a lasting faith,
To voyage with him through the unkind world,
Making *her* breast his pillow, and *his* heart her home.
His aged parents, and the happy hearth,
Where he was reared in helpless infancy,
Would raise up recollections to his heart,
As pure and true as better cultured minds ;
And the big tear of joyous misery
Would blink true manhood with devotedness.—
—Such was the scene ; but far more beautiful
Than frail imagination can depict.
Ah, little thought he,—or the numbers there,
How many hearts were doomed to rue that day !
How many tears would flow in bitterness !
How fathers for their children would despair !

Of first affections blighted in their prime !
Of widows—orphans—old men childless left !
Of bubbling waters, and of gurgling throwsts !—
His thoughts were set on far more pleasant scenes,
Than bodies whirling down the depthless sea,
Limbs lacerated, by vast fish of prey,
Skulls made the playthings of the different tides,
Beauty disfigured by corruption's touch !—
—Security ne'er pictured this sad scene.

The black clouds gather o'er the clear blue sky,
And stern Fate frowns upon this harmless bark ;—
An inky canopy encircles all ;
Not one poor straggling sun-beam gives its light ;
Still she floats solemnly upon the wave,
Her white sails shaded to obscurity ;
While the foul tempest broods above her head,
Waking destruction to terrific deeds !—
—A moaning, rushing sound—the spray darts up,
Striking her foresail to its baptism

Of after woe and desolatedness.
A dreadful crash!—the foremast by the board!
Clew every sail, and lay her to the wind!
She hides her trembling head beneath the wave,
Afraid to meet the black, tempestuous sky.
See! see!—she dances in the briny air;
Her black spars creaking in her shattered hold;
Now, like a Cormorant diving for its prey,
She pitches headlong to her lasting home!—
A momentary wreath of snowy foam,
Thrown by the eddying whirlpool, marks her tomb,
And all is hushed, save the dread water's moan.—
Oh! what a frightful shriek did ring her knell!
—I saw two beings clinging to a spar,
One shroud bound both the husband and the wife;
The hot blood trickled from his mangled wounds
Down her cold breast, as though to give it warmth;
But *death* had chilled her bosom with his breath!
They lay in one embrace, with face upturned,
As if upbraiding heaven for their doom.

I never can forget the dreadful scene ;
So fair a morn to shine on human life,
And then to see a watery grave engulf
Some hundred souls, ere that same sun was set !

Death rode along in form of majesty,
Upon a wave some thousand fathom steep ;
Whose top appeared to kiss the weeping sky,
As it poured forth the vial of its wrath :—
The rainbow his triumphal arch of fame,
And the loud thunder echoing his power,
Howled concert to the foaming, hissing sea :
A crown of purest gold bedecked his brow,
(The sure destruction of aspiring man ;)
The branch from which Eve plucked the fatal fruit,
With the foul Serpent clinging round its stalk,
Was his unerring sceptre of command.—

A streak of light broke on the horizon,
And then, methought I saw an armed fleet,

Which stretched beyond where sight of man could reach ;
Each spar, each sail, each object black as night ;
As though the spirits of the damned were there ;
And as they passed in terrible review,
The bright transparent water turned to *blood*,
And the dark squadrons changed to deadly white ;
For *Fear* had clad them in his pallid pall.—
The red spray splashing on their snowy sides,
And the deep moans their rocking ribs sent forth,
Out-stretched both sense of hearing and of sight,
Making a sickly throb crawl o'er my heart.

—Methought at last, *death* sighed to see his work,
His breath of pity withered every bark ;
And, phantom like, they slowly sank from view,
Beneath the gaping, stagnant, crimson flood.

The *Serpent's* eye glistened with ecstasy,
To think how *death*, charmed to compassion, slew
Fresh provender to gorge his hellish maw.—
The wily *Adder* left the fatal stem,
And, casting off concealment from his guise,

Stood forth in fond companionship with *death* :
His stature awful, dignified, and grand.
His face was formed and featured like to man,
With every evil passion writ thereon :—
The beaming drop of mercy floated not
Upon that fierce, remorseless eye of blood :
Invulnerable was the armour made,
That clad his warlike and defying form ;
Snakes hung in slimy clusters on his head,
Spitting in streams their poison down his breast,
Which lodging there, congealed and formed his heart :—
His voice was soft, subtle, and changeable,
His power unbounded as his lust for sin.
He spake with *death* to bid the burning sun
Suck up the waters of the mighty deep,
And lay the wonder of creation bare :—
The glorions orb obeyed the tyrant's call,
And oh ! what horrid sights encompassed me !
Mountains of rotten and decaying bones,
The scattered fragments of some thousand ships !

The tenants of the deep gasping in death ;—
Unnumbered bodies in corruption lay,
Emitting stench to scent the pit of hell !—
SATAN marked out his own, and passed on,
Assisting *death's* completion of his task :
Whole cities fell in ruins at his breath !
Huge rocks,—whose sides the tempest's howl defied,
Were crushed beneath his feet !—plagues swept the land !
The herbs of earth withered at his approach !
No voice of man, nor insect hum was heard ;
An universal scene of solitude !—
Nought now was seen to indicate that life
Had ere sojourned upon this land of woe ;
But the black earth of many a new-turned grave !
Silence spoke misery !! _____
_____ And then methought,
I heard a noise of strife that shook the earth ;
Satan would bear no co-rival in power ;
By slaying *death*, his victims' pains would last,
Within his dread eternity of flame !

Those, for control of whom, he did rebel,
When a blest angel near the throne of heaven ;
To reign within the precincts of dun hell ;—
Whom he had watched so anxiously to clutch,
Throughout the lingering pace of limping Time ;
He could torment, when *death* had ceased to prey,
And glut desire with agonized throbs.

————— They fought !

The monster *death* poured forth a flame of fire
From out his withering, destroying eyes ;
From cankered lips he blew his pestilence ;
And with Destruction's well-tried, tempered sword
He showered blows of wrath as thick as hail :
But all was vain !—No stroke, he gave, could harm ;
Satan, impenetrable, laughed to scorn
So weak an enemy !—for he had warred
With the *Omnipotent* ! and could not die ;
But with the curse of everlasting life,
Grafted upon his disobedient heart ;
He made *his* onset ! —————

There they stood,
Like tigers panting to renew the fight ;
Both *conquered*, neither *vanquished*, yet each *won*,
For both were *equal*!—Then methought I saw
The veil fall from before the vault of heaven ;
The sun and moon lay ranged with the stars,
Beneath the footstool of a beauteous throne,
On which the ALPHA and OMEGA sat !
Millions of angels gathered round *His* feet,
Singing continued hymns of gratitude,
Chaunting their praises through the choir of heaven.—
And then a sound pierced through the tender air,
Which shook the very centre of the globe ;
Like to the challenge of a herald trump,
Pouring a strain that made the trembling earth
Vomit her dead!—The Archangel of Life,
Then breathed forth his Spirit!—and they lay
Prostrate before the throne of the great Judge !
He spake!—*Death was no more*!—and then I saw
Satan stand dauntlessly and boldly forth,

Claiming *his* kingdom's subjects!—shrieks! and wails!
Mercy with justice pleading!—but in vain,—
Shook off my trance;—yet with the memory
Of DEATH'S DESTRUCTION! clinging round my brain.

THE CREATION.

By the word of the **LORD** were the heavens made ; and all
the host of them by the breath of His mouth.

Psalm xxxiii. 6. v.

SPACE infinite ! expanse of nothingness ;
Eternity of Time,—yet Time not come,
Not made as now, to have an end in space ;
Dark, lone, and void !—it is of thee I sing,
And thy Creator, who made worlds unknown,
That have rolled on their course in other spheres,
Before thou wast ;—ere Chaos rose to form.

“ God undefinable ! who by thy word,
“ Proclaimed there should be light, and light there was,
“ Whose presence is that light which giveth life,
“ To Thee I bend !—And oh, direct my heart,
“ Lest I blaspheme, by daring to ascend,
“ Beyond the summit of this mountain Earth,
“ And plunge myself in streams of fancied power,
“ Making conception picture out Thy work ;
“ And span the measure of Thy awful strength,
“ The glories, and the beauties of Thy hand.
“ I cannot look upon yon starry plain
“ Of living gold, that waves in liquid light !
“ Upon yon deep ethereal space of blue !
“ I cannot watch the day, and slumbering night,
“ The summer’s sun, which warmeth nature’s heart,
“ And giveth winter vegetation life ;
“ The autumn leaf which droppeth from the tree,
“ To shew new beauties to the coming spring ;
“ Falleth as we fall from the tree of life,
“ When Death, that mighty autumn, withers all,

“ When wintry age has sunk beneath his grasp ;
“ Preparing way for other flowers to rise,
“ To droop, and fall, beneath the scythe of Time :—
“ I cannot look on Nature’s lovely garb,
“ Without imagination shooting forth,
“ Stretching my senses far beyond their strength
“ To ponder on Thy greatness and Thy power,
“ And feel what language never can describe,
“ While from my humble heart this prayer doth rise,
“ Blessed art Thou, and holy is Thy name.”—

Chaos, confused mass, unbounded space,
He breathed His voice o’er thee, and thou wast made.
Earth ! thy inanimate existence grew,
Through thy Creator’s will, a formless heap ;
And when He spake, the waters oozed forth
From out thy dark unfathomable womb,
And o’er thy surface spread their limpid streams,
As though to weep their birth away in tears.—
The Day and Night, attent upon thy wants,

Shone at command to cheer and nourish thee,
Archangels waited on thy fashioning,
Millions of Cherubim sang forth the praise
Of thy great Maker, thy Creator's power ;—
And when the Day, the greater light, arose
For the first time, and kissed the sleeping night,
Thou hadst thy being, and He call'd thee EARTH !—
There thou didst roll, a shadow of thyself,
Thy mountains naked, and thy loneliness
Sacred to Solitude !—Thy barren hills,
Proud monuments of desolatedness,
Speak of the future, but the past recall :
For thou shalt perish e'en as thou wast made,
Unfruitful ! ruined ! a convulsive mass,
When thy apportioned hour is blotted out
From off the calendar of hoary Time.

God spake !—The firmament enclad thee round ;
A robe ethereal encompassed thee,
And thy sweet singing rivulets rushed forth

To gaze upon the soft transparent sky,
And on thy bosom formed a boundless space,
A rushing torrent, and a depthless gulph,
Cresting their rippling smiles to giant waves,
Whose frowns poured proudly down their foaming sides,
Which swelling seemed to spurn thy confined bounds,
As though they'd burst their wrath, and strike through heaven.

HE SPOKE ! and called your gathering of power
By name of SEAS ! and mated ye to Earth.

How grand, majestic, awful, and sublime,
How full of beauty, yet how fraught with dread,
Is the great moving world of waters formed.—
How sweet to contemplate the still calm sea,
When Nature whispers with her softest breath,
And smiles upon this child of her create ;—
When her warm eye, the glorious orb of day,
Peeps out behind the curtain of the night,
Making thy surface like a silvery bed,
On which content might fearless seek repose :

But oh, how false thy slumbering innocence !
How dreadful when thou wakest from thy sleep,
When in the passion of the storm thou ravest,
Sending forth desolation with its howl,
Which recklessly destroyeth all it meets.—
How the poor vessel groans in her distress,
While tost by tempest on the foaming sea,
When the wind whistles forth a solemn dirge,
To warn the mariner of life's brief span ;
And the huge waves roll to the dismal knell.
Black with the shadow of the angry sky,
Whose sable cloak doth cover misery.—
The forked lightning spits its lurid glare,
Shining in ghastly mockery of woe,
Like a fell smile upon a murderer's cheek ;—

What can withstand the tempest when the storm,
Darts with its direst fury on the main,
Striking the blow of Vengeance in its wrath,
When the black waters rise to mock the clouds,

Foaming like some blood-thirsty beast of prey
That hunger 's maddened in the wilderness,
Its eyes turned bloodshot by the lightning's glare,
And its deep roar—the trembling thunders crash.

Oh, if the ' Stormy Petrel' could but speak,
To tell the wondrous tale of thy great power
Oh Sea! it would unfold a tale of might,
For it doth live when craft of man is lost,
And wrecked, and broken, whirling down thy maw !
Oh, it would tell of waters whose high peaks
Of snowy foam have spat upon the sky,
And plunged headlong down a yawning gulph,
A deep abyss of darkness and of dread,
Where desolation sits to brood o'er woe.—
Who can withstand His arm, who wields the spheres,
And with His will can make the raging storm
As still, as hushed, as slumbering innocence ?
— The waters moved on thy face, O EARTH !

Again HE spake!—and lo, a lovely robe
Of beauteous flowers enclad thy nakedness ;
The rose blushed for thee ! and the lily wept
To see thee thus exposed ! A dew-drop fell
From off the daisy and the violet,
All clad in innocence they bowed their heads,
And sighing o'er thee with their sweetest breath,
Called thee their Mother !—Mother of us all !
The mountain pine then reared his lofty top,
The sturdy oak spread forth its gnarled boughs,
And braved the fury of the angry gust,
Like a stern warrior in his case of steel,
Protecting ye, ye flowers, from the blast,
Which else would nip your budding, kill your life.
The fruits of earth grew to their plenteousness,
Ripe with their loveliness, a tempting feast,
A Godlike banquet, for a God-made work ;—
The mists of morning washed their parched lips,
All nature sang in ecstasy of joy ;
Still all was statue-like,—a fixed mass,

No motion, save the vegetable life,
A death-like fixture, with an inward light
That spake its being with the sweetest scents,
Earth, Light, and Darkness, Firmament, and Seas,
Green Herbs enclad with most luxurious fruits,
Ye were created ! and your use approved ;
He called ye good ! Your being was complete,
When the Third Day had finished its course,
And rested on the weary couch of night.

The morning wakes !—a sign is seen in heaven,
A glorious halo dazzling the sight,
Darts forth its rays in golden streams of fire,
And breathes a warmth, a second life o'er earth ;
The trees expand their leaves to catch the light,
That new-born light of heaven !—How wonderful
To see the splendour of thy morning rise :—
When thy meridian beameth in its full ;
No mortal eye can bear to face thy gaze,
Great work of glory ! God of Nature's life !

I could opine me that an Angel stood
As sentinel to watch this work of God ;
That some Archangel in his glory shone,
By the command of the Omnipotent,
A fixture in the heavens to breathe on earth !—
Great space of Light ! how beautiful thou art !
Whate'er thou art, and whencesoe'er thou comest,
Thy composition, or thy final doom,
Is far beyond my reach of thought to grasp ;—
God called thee SUN ! and throned thee in the sky.
Oh power ! oh might ! oh God omnipresent !
To think that thou canst blow upon that flame,
And with a thought, which is obeyed when thought,
Canst quench that orb, and make it black as night !

Rejoicing now the little rivers sing
Their murmuring of praise among the stones
That line their flinty couch. Some drest in moss,
Wait on the water reeds, that bow their heads
When the soft breeze doth rush to kiss the stream.

All Nature joyeth!—and the godlike Day,
Crowns him with chaplets made of lovely flowers,
And drinks from fountains pure to Nature's health.

Oh, SUN! thou beauteous spot of heavenly light!
Thou that divideth Nature's seasoning!
From *Spring* to *Summer* is thy prime of glow;—
And then the *Autumn*, then bleak *Winter* comes,
With snow-clad cap, to meet another Spring,
And doffs it to thy majesty again,
King of all heavenly planets! thou art he!

Night comes, to shew her glory, and there stands
Thy shadow, sun!—a brilliant silvery orb,
The chiefest jewel in the darkling crown;
The diamond lustre twinkleth in each ray,
A soft, a speaking silencee, in her gaze;
Like the first passion, that doth first enthrall
A lover's heart!—a conscience-telling eye,
That looks upon the workings of the world,

When it is veiled in fancied secrecy.

—The Murderer goes to do a deed of blood,

Beneath the shadow of the solemn night,

When *she* peeps out behind some murky cloud,

And points the track of Vengeance to the gaze

Of him whose hand is stained with clotted gore,

Striking remorse upon his haggard brow,

And branding conscience on his soul of sin.—

The Lover speeds him to the silent grove,

And there, awaiting the appointed hour,

To meet the being where his soul lies tranced,

Counts out the weary time, and looks on *thee*,

Thou beauteous queen of night!—Thy silent gaze

Reminds him of the love that cannot speak,

That glistened in her eye! His soul's first throb

Moved with her silence, as it moves with thine;

Joy is so full in its own plenteousness,

That the eye fills with rapture, and the tear

Dazzles thy glory from his aching sight:—

His full heart beats and throbs with more than earth;

The purity of heaven sure lends its aid,
To bind affection in such deathless bonds.—
She comes ! they meet, are clasp'd in one embrace !
(Chaste orb, thou didst not blush at love so pure)
One sigh of writhing joy starts from the fount
Where bliss enthroned sips, and wafts to heaven.

The tell-tale of the night looks round on all,
And gives its dew-drop nourishment to earth ;—
The Moon, the Moon is up ! list to her voice,
It whispers on the tide ! The serving sea
Bends to her guidance, and its pride is quashed
When she conceals her face, and wanes away ;
But when she gives her glory its full sway,
Watch thou the rippling current ; see it blaze
In little jutty mountains of bright light,
More white, more shining, than the boiling flood
Of metal that doth leave the crucible
When it is cleansed from dross and glistens pure.

No sooner had the Moon sank from the heavens,
Than a bright robe of glory clad the sky,
Bedecked with little twinkling orbs of light,—
And myriads of worlds sang to the Night,
Whose silent throb of bliss spoke forth its joy,
To see these new-created beauties shed
Their lustre o'er the earth, and deck its crown,
The great, the glorious canopy of heaven !
—O wonderful ! to gaze on the still night,
And watch the music of the spheres above,
Whose silent eloquence points to a God,
And dares the infidel to doubt that power,
Whose will is power, and whose might is will ;
Whose breath is vengeance, when he bids the wind
Storm through the earth, and rend the mighty oak
From out the hold of its poor trembling womb,
E'en as a little child would pluck a flower ;—
Destroying rocks and mountains with its blast,
Making the sea to quake and roll with dread,

Afraid to meet His wrath,—to face His strength :

Oh God ! oh glory !—tremble, earth ! fear, hell !

Ye beauteous STARS !—bright carpet of the heaven,

Whereon the angel-spirits tread their path,

Far from thy contagion, thou impure earth !

Ye STARS unnumbered, vast, and infinite !

Ye distant, mighty worlds ! that roll your course

Millions of miles above this puny sphere,

He made ye also ! and so wonderful,

That man's philosophy may never scan

Your power and use ;—your glory's only seen

With joy, with wonder, praise, and fearfulness,

The *fourth day* gave ye birth,—ye beauteous worlds !

And now He looks upon the mighty deep,

And life breathes in its bosom at his word !

The huge Leviathan rose out of nought,

And swam the imperial monarch of the SEAS ;—

Its empire a vast,—a dreadful deep !

Its palace the dark million fathomed gulph !—
The roaring, rushing torrent of the tides,
That flow beneath the surface of the sea ;
The howling, hissing, uncontrolled wind,
Is the sweet music of the Ocean's life !

And then, above the waters there were poised,
Like ether, on the air, the FEATHERED TRIBE,
From the bold fire-eyed eagle, who doth soar
Beyond the finite sight of mortal eye,
To gaze undazzled on the burning sun ;—
To the poor innocent, the timid dove,
That nestles 'neath the shelter of the trees,
And 'mid luxurious foliage builds its home.—
Great, small, and various in their kind, they flew
O'er land, o'er sea, and sent their praises forth,
In the sweet warbling music of the song,
Greeting the morning with their earliest praise !
A meet example for the after work
For MAN, the lord of earth—the God's create !

Is 't not lovely and a hallowed sight,
To watch the peeping of the dawning day,
And hear the various modulated sounds
Come from the grove, the rock, the field, the sky ?—
To hear the bubbling of the little brook,
As it creeps slowly on its humble course ?
To smell the sweetest scents of simplest flowers,
Stretching the aching senses !—letting joy,
And bliss unsullied, reign through nature's life ?
God blessed ye, ye inmates of the deep !
And ye sweet choristers, that tune your lays
And join your harmony in matin praise ;
He bade ye multiply :—to fill the sea,
Ye fish !—the earth, ye fowl !—and called ye good !

The *sixth day* rises ! and the golden sun
Shines in his utmost glory ! Nature waits
Her increase !—and there breathe the beasts of earth ;
The cattle of the field, and creeping things,
All to their different purposes crawl forth ;

The lion walketh on his stately course,
Snuffing the morning breeze ;—the forest rings
An echo to his roar : the howling wolf,—
The huge gigantic mammoth, and a mass
Of other beings, walk the soft green earth.
All nature liveth !—Oh, Omnipotent !
How hast thou formed them ?—Nothing hast thou made
But for some useful purport it is formed.—
How intricate, how various thy work !
How wonderful the animalcule,
The sightless substance of a living worm,
The nerves, the veins, the muscles, and the bones,
The senses,—all in one small compass wrapt,
As perfected as larger animals !

But there was yet another work unmade,
The Lord of the Creation !—The *life's soul* !
The image of the Godhead !—Reason, wrapt
In beauteous form and mould, a thought to grasp
All earthly attributes,—an earthly god !

— A silence reigned on earth ! The wind was dumb,—
The sun stood still in heaven, and the moon
Shone just uplifted from the horizon ;
The stars ceased twinkling, but threw out their light ;
And heaven, illuminated by its worlds,
Waited the audience of the Most High !—
Immortal spirits flitted o'er the earth,
And the Jehovah, with the mighty host
Of his Archangels, with the Cherubim,—
Came down from heaven. The ground whereon He stood
Was hallowed, and a bright cloud of glory
Gathered beneath His presence like a mist ;—
The heavenly lights were shut out by *that light*
Which knows no compare ! And the angel choir
Sang to the praise, the glory of their God.

The cloud dissolved in light ! And where He stood
There knelt a being, whose uplifted hands
Pointed beyond the world !—God breathed on him—
He moved—he spake ! and his first word was, God !

An angel-mortal substance, there he stood
Monarch of earth ! his bold commanding front,—
His beauteous stature, and his beaming eye,
Which shed forth rays of intellectual light,
Spake him the *Ruler* ! and he stood *alone*,
Except with God !—He called him **MAN**.

The beasts, the birds, the fishes, all of life,
Went forth in pairs ; but man was left *alone*.
So the Jehovah caused the *First Man* sleep ;
And whilst he lay upon the velvet ground,
Wrapt in the shadow of entranced life,
A being was created ! and *she* knelt,
And gazed upon her slumbering future lord :—
God called her **WOMAN** !—and her name was **EVE**.
— And she was beautiful !—her soft blue eyes
Vied with the ethereal canopy of heaven ;—
And she was fair ! aye, as the silvery cloud
That sails to meet the morning on its rise ;—
And her soft hair hung down in golden streams,

And moved to and fro upon her brow,
As the sweet playful breeze did kiss her cheek,
And tempted adoration from her lord.—

He woke! he gazed! he LOVED!—and they were one!

And in a lovely paradise they dwelt;
No toil, no care,—Nature gave all of want,
And God engrafted bliss upon their souls.

God blessed them!—And on the *Seventh day*
From that on which from chaos he did form,
Earth and its attributes—CREATION WAS!

THE LAST MAN.

A FRAGMENT.

And I beheld when he had opened the sixth seal, and lo,
there was a great earthquake ; and the sun became black as
sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood.

Rev. vi. 12.

He laughed ! he shrieked ! he groaned ! he called on man !
But no voice answered him !—He called on heaven !
The thunder made response !—and its weak tone
Seemed but a mockery of sound, and died.

— He stood upon a mountain, whose steep height
Could whisper to the clouds ;—but all was vain !
He lay him down, exhausted !—Nature moaned,
As though the agonies of death were wrapt
Around his shrivelled form, shrouding his pain !
Earth trembled, and belched forth her flaming fire !

Volcanos lit where sun-light was denied !
And the poor, shivering moon lay deep entranced !—
The eagle, wheeling low on heavy wing,
Spoke with its silent screech of misery,
That prey was preyless !—Its bold eye was dim,
And dare not face the sun, as it was wont !
The wolf's howl floated faintly on the breeze,
And could not cater for its craving maw !
— He called on *death* ! the monster only smiled,
And *justice* stopped the breath to *mercy* sent.
He prayed ! blasphemed !—His prayer and oath were vain,
A sulphurous scent, a suffocating air,
Shrouded his mocking !—The great earth was bare ;
Naked as when created !—And white stones
Rolled from her rotten sides with hideous crash !—
The flowers had faded, ne'er to bloom again !
The oaks of centuries !—the pines of years !
Lay in one common mass ! a blasted heap !
Seathed by the lightning ! rended by the storm !—
He strove to plunge into eternity !

And fell down fathoms!—but 'twas all in vain:

One jutting point, one crag that kept its hold,

Though tottering to fall, upheld his life!

He hung 'twixt sea and air!—'twixt earth and heaven!

—He fell!—The waters caught him but to save!

Stagnant, and covered o'er with putrid mass,

Of the great inmates from the yawning sea!

He was upheld!—He strove, but could not sink!—

He rose, and walked to earth, to find a grave!

Earth was *one* grave, but tenantless and *lone*!—

White bleached bones lay crumbled into dust!

A Vulture stood upon a fleshless skull;

And when a worm crawled from its slimy hold,

It could not strike!—Famine had mastered it.

—He knelt him down! The *sun* wept blood on earth—

The *moon* had lost its power to madden him!

Yet he *was* mad!—Despair had seized his heart!—

The moon was sick, and spumed water forth,

In rank black torrents!—*her* life's blood was chilled.

— He stood *alone*, sweat curdling on his brow,

And his dank hair hung down in clotted lumps!—

Alone! alone! oh, horror-touching thought!

Immortal, though 'midst Death!—The Lion roared;

The forest echoed his rage in vain;

It was too weak to pierce the dun thick air;—

He crawled to life, he scented living man,

And would not die alone, where life did breathe.

The tiger passed him by! and the thick throng

Of beasts of blood,—and birds of fleshy prey,

Gathered around the *lone one*, and the *last*!

The bones protruding through their pining skins,

With panting tongues, whose surface, parched and black,

Sucked in the poisonous air, to slake their thirst;—

With hideous whine they raised their feeble heads,

And looked compassion,—but the look was vain,

Like the last ray of *Hope* when *Mercy's* gone!

He was compassionless, and helpless too!

One, fiercer than the rest,—a lion that had crawled

From out the wilderness,—raised his huge paw,

And strove to strike,—but nature failed the blow;

It was a mockery, deceiving hope.

The *last one* thought to die, and laughed with joy !

Death had no terror to his living hell.

Oh ! 'twould have been a bliss to have been torn,

And writhed, and mangled, in the maws of beasts :—

He would have plucked his heart from its retreat,

And fed the monster, but was powerless ;

And the poor brute, more blessed than he who lived,

Gave one deep moan, and struggling, sank to peace.—

The carrion vulture tried to pluck his eyes,

But 'twas as if a little murmuring rill

Had struck a mountain ! it so feebly fell

Upon his starting balls of blood-shot sight.

One dreadful groan, and flutter, spoke their doom !—

'Twas over, and the *lone one* stood *alone* !

Oh, agony !—Oh, horror !—Damned hour !

He shrieked !—again he raved !—he clenched the air !

And with his last, and maddened, effort forced

His bony fingers through his withered hands !—

Death sighed with pity, and grew merciful,

His heart-strings cracked ! The lone one gave a groan,
His tongue swelled from his mouth, as though 'twere touched
With aspic poison ! and the *Last Man* fell !—
— And this was he of whom the Saviour spake,—
“ *Till I come, tarry thou !*”—of all !—THE LAST !

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SEASONS OF LIFE.

SPRING.

I.

THE soft green grass is growing,
O'er meadow and o'er dale ;
The silvery founts are flowing
Upon the verdant vale ;
The pale snow-drop is springing,
To greet the glowing sun ;
The primrose sweet is flinging
Perfume the fields among ;
The trees are in the blossom,
The birds are in their song ;
As Spring upon the bosom
Of Nature's borne along.

So the dawn of human life doth green and verdant spring ;
It doth little ween the strife that after-years will bring :
Like the snow-drop it is fair, and like the primrose, sweet ;
But its innocence can't scare the blight from its retreat.

SUMMER.

II

THE full ripe corn is bending,
In waves of golden light ;
The new-mown hay is sending
Its sweets upon the night ;
The breeze is softly sighing,
To cool the parched flowers ;
The rain, to see them dying,
Weeps forth its gentle showers ;
The merry fish are playing,
Adown yon crystal stream ;
And night from day is straying,
As twilight gives its gleam.

And thus manhood in its prime, is full and ripe and strong ;
And it scarcely deems that time can do its beauty wrong :
Like the merry fish we play, adown the stream of life ;
And we reck not of the day that gathers what is rife.

AUTUMN.

III.

THE flowers all are fading,
Their sweets are rifled now ;
And night sends forth her shading,
Along the mountain brow ;
The bee hath ceased its winging,
To flowers at early morn ;
The birds have ceased their singing,
And silent wait the dawn ;
The harvest now is gathered,
Protected from the clime ;
The leaves are seared and withered,
That late shone in their prime.

Thus when fourscore years are gone, o'er the frail life of man,
Time sits heavy on his throne, as near his brow we scan :
Like the Autumn leaf that falls, when winds the branches wave ;
Like night shadows, daylight palls, like all,—he finds a grave.

WINTER.

IV.

THE snow is on the mountain,
The frost is on the vale,
The ice hangs o'er the fountain,
The Storm rides on the gale,
The earth is bare and naked,
The air is cold and drear,
The sky with snow-clouds flaked,
And dense foul fogs appear,
The sun shines not so brightly,
Through the dark murky skies,
The nights grow longer nightly,
And thus the Winter dies.

Thus falls man, his season past, the blight hath ta'en his bloom;
Summer gone, the Autmn blast consigns him to the tomb:
Then the Winter, cold and drear, with pestilential breath,
Blows upon his silent bier, and whispers—*This is Death!*

CHURCH BELLS.

Soul-stirring sounds!—how like the speech of man;
Sometimes they tell of joy, but sorrow most.

My own MSS.

HARK!—hark! how merry the bells do ring,
They tell of the infant christening;
The heir of some noble ancestry
Is borne along in a panoply;—
The sponsors attend in gorgeous pride,
See!—see! how gaily along they ride.
The pastor waits with his book awhile,
They proudly walk up the matted aisle;
The font is prepared, the sign is given,
Which links the babe to the church and heaven.
'Tis over now,—the carriages wait;
They return in pride of pomp and state;

Along they roll, and the gay steeds bound,
As though they spurned at the earthy ground ;
Their trappings the lordly wealth unfold,
Gleaming so bright in purple and gold,
And the curious gaping crowd divide,
Like the parting of the silvery tide,
When the gondolier doth force his way
To the goal upon a gala day.—
Now nought remains of the scene to tell,
But the merry sounding *Christening bell*.

They come ! they come !—and again they ring,
The peal that ushered the christening ;
But the company are far more gay,
For this denoteth a bridal day.—
And who is this ? whose carriages these,
In their gorgeous glowing liveries ;
With the prancing steeds as white as snow,
Tossing their heads as their manes do flow,

Like to a streaky silvery cloud,
As they dash along amid the crowd?
'Tis the bridegroom and his lovely bride,
With their noble kindred by their side;
'Tis he who some few years agone,
To the christening was borne along.—
They descend! the sound doth stronger rise,
As though 'twould be heard beyond the skies;
And the sun doth peep along the aisle,
With his golden ray, and his golden smile,
And the priest doth bless—the ring is given;
The act of earth is approved by heaven;
So gaily and fondly they ride away,
As the bells ring out the *Nuptial day*.

List to yon solemn, deep sounding knell,
'Tis the dismal tolling funeral bell;
That speaks to the heart with awful tongue,
As we wander the graves and tombs among;
Few only are scattered here and there,

For the sound is come familiar ;
Those few look anxiously back to see,
The approach of the solemn pageantry ;—
It comes like a storm that's gathering
To burst o'er the smiling day of spring ;
Blackly it frowns, like a culprit's doom,
And strikes the soul with a sickly swoon,
As the sleek jet steeds so slowly tread,
Bearing along the departed dead ;
And the weighty plumes wave to and fro,
Like the silent agony of woe.
Now who to his last lone home is gone !
Not surely he who was nobly born
Whose christening was such theme for joy,
And whose nuptial day knew no alloy ?—
Alas ! 'tis for him they toll the knell,
'Tis for him they ring the *Funeral bell.*

Oh, what is the fragile life of man ?
A twilight beam,—and a measured span

A bubble that floateth down the stream,
A ray of hope,—and a youthful dream ;
A shadow that walketh in the sun,
That darkens, flickers, and then has done ;
A figure that's traced upon the sand,
Where the ocean beateth on the strand ;
The track of a ship upon the sea,
The smallest speck of eternity.—
And yet how proudly he looks on high,
As though in his strength he could not die ;
What care he taketh of outward dust,
And beauty and wealth doth forward thrust,
As though the worm would not prey upon
The eye of fire,—and the lip of scorn.
Beauty and riches alike are vain,
For none can avoid the mortal pain ;
It falls alike on the bad and just,
Ashes to ashes ! and dust to dust !
And all our want of worldly worth,
Is a sigh, a tear, a spot of earth.

THE SEA BREEZE.

The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth.

John iii. 8.

WELCOME to me, thou sweet refreshing breeze,

That cometh o'er the great expanse of sea ;

Soft is thy music midst the citron trees,

Wafting fond thoughts of other days to me ;

And feelings, which are only born to please,

Are strewn upon the lonely heart by thee :—

Bringing sweet recollections of the past,

With sunshine Joy, riding upon thy blast.

How oft, when evening rests the weary day,

I have I sat watching on the desert beach

The boundless horizon,—and the last ray

Of the bright setting sun !—the sea-gull's screech,

As round some floating object it doth play,
Half terrified to strike when within reach ;—
Courting caresses from thy fragrant lips,
As bee from honey-suckle nectar sips.

Breathe on those beings in yon orange grove,
One is a maiden virtuous as fair,
And *passion* hath not touched her first pure love ;
The other, with the raven-flowing hair,
Is her soul's warrior, her heart's mate-dove ;
See how his eyes her tender soul ensnare !—
Now gently fan her with thy softest sigh,
Thou wanton courtier,—or with love she'll die.

The fisherman hangs listless o'er the side
Of his now well-stored boat ;—thou art his aid ;
Wafting his little bark in humble pride ;
While in his hut the homely meal is laid,
And wife and children gathered side by side,
(With hours of deep anxiety repaid)

Wait his approach!—some run down to the strand,
Blessing thee, breeze, that guideth him to land.

Thou nourisher of woe,—that aged man
Receives thee as a precious boon that's sent
To cheer his drooping day:—for his life's span
Hath nearly run its course, 'tis almost spent!
Still he revives, when his bald brow you fan,
And youthful vigour to his age is lent.—
Play on, good breeze, and wheresoe'er you go,
Let your first breath comfort the child of woe.

Whence comest thou, sweet Spirit of the air?
From out the womb of the unfathomed sea?
Or is the region of the sky thy lair?—
Doth the soft breast of heaven cherish thee,
Sending thee forth to cool the brow of care?
Or hadst thou being from Eternity?—
Oh, why surmise! it matters nought to me,
I know a just, good God, created thee.

H O P E.

I gazed on Saturn's beautiful ring,
(I gazed, and I marvelled much)
Shining a lovely but separate thing,
Round the orb that it could not touch :
And I thought of *Hope*, shining bright and high,
Never close, although ever nigh.

Henry Neele.

I.

HOPE cometh on the purest ray
Of the glorious rising sun,
And lingers upon his latest light,
When his daily round is done.
Hope rideth upon the moon-lit beam,
That dazzles a *Lover's* eye,
And comes in the form of a Fairy queen,
To steal away a sigh.

Hope aideth the *Warrior* in the fight,

And maketh proof his shield;

He struggles on in the bloody strife,

And had rather die than yield.

Hope goeth down to the deep dread sea,

And floweth upon the wave;

The *Mariner* feareth not the storm,—

He sees not a watery grave.

Hope kneels at the sacred altar's foot,

And blesseth the marriage rite;

The *Bride* is lulled to security,

And her eyes with Faith beam bright.

Hope rocks the cradle of infancy,

And the *Mother's* heart is blest,

As she pictures forth maturity,

Her babe to her bosom's prest.

Hope props the step of the *Aged Man*,

When tottering to his grave;

Though the hair be white, and the cheek be wan,

Still forward he doth brave.

Hope breathes upon the *dying* brow,
And a cheering sense is given,
That the weary spirit onward flits
To a resting place in heaven.

T1.

But ah! how deceptive is flattering *Hope*,
And the sun's bright ray ;
'Tis the gilding of darkness, the warning of night,
That melts away :
And the moon-lit hour, with its magic power,
Is delusive too ;
For the *Lover* I ween, and his fairy queen,
Oft that hour will rue.
And the *Warrior* in fight, with armour bright,
When he death doth brave,
Seeketh nought but renown, and a laurel crown,
But findeth a grave.
And the tranquil deep, when 'tis woke from its sleep,
And the water's boom,

Wrecks the trembling bark, and the foam doth mark

The *Mariner's* tomb.

And the beauteous *Bride*, in her youthful pride,

Dreameth not of grief,

But the bridal-day, like the flower of May,

Hath its life but brief.

And the babe is prest to its *Mother's* breast,

Little doth she know,

It grief may impart to her doating heart—

Fill her cup of woe.

And the *grey-haired Man*, when his life's short span

Dwindleth away,

Thinketh Time too fast, and he yet may last,

Aye, for many a day.

Hope ne'er deceiveth the soul that believeth,

Religion's power;

The repentant tear will the faithful cheer,

In their dying hour.

THE CROSS.

THE Cross is up ! and the banner streams wide,
O'er the mountain earth, and the ocean tide ;
It gleams on the sword, on the helm, and dirk,
It glitters to smite the Infidel Turk ;
It gleams on the walls of the castle tower,
It nestles in peace in the Lady's bower ;
It stands on the altar where hope is given,
Faith kneels at its foot, and it points to heaven ;
It leadeth to glory ! its holy light
Is the guiding star of the Anchorite.

The Cross is up ! the crusaders go forth,
From west to the south, from south to the north ;

The Norman and Gaul, the Italian and Dane,
The Swede, and the haughtier sons of Spain :
Their bannerets float on the eastern breeze,
In the pomp and pride of their monarchies ;
And the trumpets sound forth the well-known charge,
And the riderless war-horse roams at large ;
And many a moslem and gallant knight
Lie cold on the field of their fame ere night.

The Cross is up !—’tis a hallowed sight,
It beameth around with its holy light ;
It speaketh of peace ! but alas, that blood
Should that symbol bathe in a crimson flood ;
And war, with its grim-visaged scowling frown,
Should trample the pride of a nation down !—
The Holy Cross in its beauty doth shine,
O’er the hills and the plains of Palestine ;
And woe to that Saracen’s dauntless front,
Who in thickest of fight doth brave its brunt !

The Cross is up!—And yon maiden can tell
The magic that lurketh beneath its spell;
Who gave her that cross with a plighted vow,
That soft speaking eye can disclose, I trow;
'Tis a pledge of love! 'tis a pledge from heaven,
'Tis the truest trust that to man is given;
'Tis a scene of bliss; 'tis a lasting power,
That comforteth mortal in dying hour;—
When we drink from nature's bitterest cup,
We exult o'er death,—for the Cross is up!

THOUGHTS.

Now what are thoughts but waking dreams,
That o'er the wizard fancy streams ;
And drives us with enchanted spell,
O'er earth, o'er sea, o'er heaven, o'er hell :
Makes more than beautiful the bright,
Horror, more hideous to the sight.—
A glass, through which the mind doth see
Worlds that do mock reality ;
A hidden mine in every breast,
Where precious and base ore doth rest.

My own MSS.

WOMAN.

MAN's conqueror, and yet his very slave ;
The light-house to his tempest-driven bark :
Of all his sorrows her heart is the grave ;—
And, like the dove, returned to Noah's ark,
He to her bosom flies. For her he'll brave
Life, honor ; and become of scorn the mark ;
And yet he'll sink her, deep beneath the wave
Of base neglect :—and leave her spirit dark.

D E S P A I R.

THE tempest of the soul when *Hope* has fled ;
A widow, wailing o'er her husband dead ;
Grief's madness ; Horror's chill ; and Frenzy's howl ;
The Suicide's last act ; a poisoned bowl ;
The laugh of fiends ! hell's echo ; sin's remorse ;
A murderer's repentance o'er a corse ;
A shipwrecked mariner cast on the wave ;
The child of misery ; of Hope the grave.

E N V Y.

ENVY, foul sister to distorted Hate,
The sole cause of an angel's fallen state ;
The curse of earth ; of man the direst foe ;
That maketh pleasure's path a scene of woe ;—
Pouring out gall upon the heart's best peace ;
An inward fire, that but with life can cease.
Sin is her mother, and her home a hell,
Where furies in their worst of shapes do dwell.

H O P E.

WHEN Earth's great globe by fire is destroyed,
Hope will not sink adown the mighty void,
But from its ashes, like a Phœnix, rise,
And, rushing heavenward, throne her in the skies.—
Man's last support and stay, soothing *death's* sting,
Wafting his weary spirit with her wing ;
A light of glory to the Christian given ;
A draught of bliss ; a sweet foretaste of heaven.

R E V E N G E.

A HORRID vampire, craving human blood,
That wades undaunted through the crimson flood ;
Relentless as the tiger in his lair ;
That heeds not Mercy, smiles upon Despair :—
A scorpion in the heart ; a cankered sore,
That poisons every feeling to the core ;
Bursts each fond link of nature, scorns control,
Slays not the body only, but the soul.

P R I D E.

A TAWDRY picture in a golden frame ;
Base metal, with the honored *coinage* name ;
The rich man's purse ;—the poor man's liberty ;
The faded cloak that covers poverty ;—
Deformity's support ;—a peacock's tail
Spread to the sun :—a coward cased in mail ;
A splendid monument above a grave,
Beneath which, *worms*, their daily banquet crave.

L O V E.

LOVE is a woman's life, a man's brief day,
And by him, like a child's toy, thrown away ;
True love is like a miser's hoarded store,
'Twill part with nothing, but increase it more.
Adversity but strengthens, and no force
Can turn him from his pre-determined course ;
You might as well attempt the earth to move,
As reason with infatuated love.

S O U L.

THE brightest jewel in the crown of life ;
The great Creator's shadow thrown o'er man :
In childhood's hour its beauty full and rife,
Then manhood comes ; corruption's touch, the ban
Of mortal things, stains its sweet purity :
A never dying essence ; though it falls,
'Twill answer to a dread futurity,
And rise again, when the last trumpet calls !

H Y P O C R I S Y.

A SLEEK-FACED villain with a smiling leer ;
A legacy that draws a heartfelt tear ;
A sighing lover to a rich old maid,
Who hopes thereby to get his debts all paid :
A puritan in word, though not in deed,
Who mocks his God to get his daily bread ;
A *friend* who'd give his purse when you don't want it,
But when you do,—is *sorry* he can't grant it.

F A I T H.

A BRIGHT-EYED cherub ; and a devotee,
Too oft deceived by frail inconstancy ;
A woman's trust, that's wove around her heart
With meek-eyed love, forming the better part
Of her life's dreaming ;—dying but with death ;—
An angel's spirit ; an immortal wreath ;
True as the rising of the glorious sun ;
True as his setting when his course is run.

J E A L O U S Y.

AN iron that doth eat itself with rust ;
Or reason reeling, drunk, with glassy eye ;
Child of Suspicion ; brother to Mistrust ;
Love's madness ; Hate's loud laugh, and Passion's sigh :
The heart's worst sickness, fatal e'en as death ;
Black Vengeance, and the faintness of Despair ;
A fury, with clench'd hands, and sulphur breath ;
A babbling Idiot ! strikes unseen,—beware !!!

CONSCIENCE.

A MANDATE strong as death!—'twill be obeyed ;
A worm that in the heart's true centre 's laid ;
That gnaws relentless, gives unceasing pain,
Defies removal, makes all struggling vain :
Offspring of guilt ; God's whisper ; and the shout
Of Angels dealing retribution out !
Gold cannot buy releasement from her chain ;
Repentance says, “ Go man, sin not again !”

THE PASSOVER.

A FRAGMENT.

OH ! horrid was the wail that rent the air,
When morning shone upon that dreadful night,
Marking the devastating angel's flight,
Whom the great God of Israel sent forth,
To slay the “first born” of proud Egypt's sons ;—
From Pharaoh on his throne of tyranny,
To the poor shackled wretch of grief and crime,
The blow of retribution was dealt out.
—Dread was indeed the cry of Egypt's king,
As he lay mourning o'er the pallid corse
Of what had been his hope, his pride, and love ;
(If heart so hard could love, or dare to hope,)

Deep was his grief!—The cloth of broidered gold,
The jewelled cup, the wine of purest draught,—
The sweet perfumes that rose from sweetest flowers,
The softest melody that music speaks,
When sent upon the breath from beauty's lips,
Touched not the pent-up sorrow of his soul ;
But only served to shew his daring mind,
How little bliss vain pomp *alone* can give ;
That deep deception lurketh in the vine,
Stealing the sense of drowning reason's light,
And though the sweet scent of the plants of earth
May cheer the flagging spirit of dull life,
And the soft music of a Syren's voice
May rouse the sleeping heart to wakeful joy ;
Still, from the lovely flower poison creeps,
And music oft-times rings the knell of hope.—
Oh ! 'twas a court of splendid misery ;
Sackcloth shut out the light of heavenly day,
And solemn torches lit the room of state,
Giving each mournful face a ghastly glow :

No voice of mirth, no sound of revelry,
Echoed throughout the lofty marble halls ;
Grief sat enthroned on the state of Pride !
No stir was heard, save groans of agony,
That burst their bubbling current through the hearts
Of myriads whose bosoms were bereft
Of their fond offspring, by that judgement stroke,
That shewed Jehovah's awful power o'er man,
Striking foul desolation to the throat
Of him who dared to face the living God.—
At last he spake, and sent his servants forth,
To call the leaders of the Israelites,
That they might comfort speak unto his soul.
Moses and Aaron came at his command,
And death-like silence whispered to despair,
As thus the humbled heart of Pharaoh spake :—
“ Oh ! men of Israel, take your people hence,
“ Let not a bondsman's footstep mark this land,
“ For sure the eye of God doth watch thy tribe ;
“ Oh, linger not, I pray thee, longer here,

“ Your wives and children ! all that you possess,
“ Depart ! nor light more curses on my head ;
“ Sorrow hath bowed me to the very dust.
“ Nay, I will give thee jewels ! raiment ! gold !
“ But tarry not, or Death will sweep my race !
“ Hence, I beseech ! speak to the Lord thy God,
“ And bless thy servant ere thou dost depart,
“ For he repenteth of his evil way !”

He knelt most lowly to the men of God ;—
A murmuring prayer of agony arose,
Like to the distant thunder’s wakening,
When it sends warning of its rising ire :
All joined in supplication with their king ;
The captains of the host bent their proud necks,
And Mercy ! Mercy ! sprang from every lip !
An awful pause ! grief was too deep for words,
Lethargic horror crept o’er every heart,
All, all, was still ! Nature exhausted lay,
Whilst, with an outstretched arm and solemn voice,

That struck conviction with its sound of truth,

The holy prophet, Moses, spake to him :—

“ The God of Israel is merciful ;

“ Humble thy hardened spirit to his will ;

“ Trust not to idols made of wood and stone,

“ That cannot hear, or aid, thy impious prayers ;

“ Nor to the beasts of earth, for they are made

“ Subject to man, fit for his use and help ;

“ Things born with instinct, senseless though alive,—

“ So dare not mock thy great Creator’s power ;

“ He is a jealous God ! beware his wrath,

“ And let repentance plead thy pardoning.

“ Should not the scourges thy hard heart hath caused,

“ The plagues that have so torn thy wretched land,

“ Have been a warning to thy reckless soul,

“ That thou should’st never tempt the God of heaven ?

“ For no man living can withstand his frown,

“ Or bear the fury of his kindled rage.

“ We will depart : and I will bless e’en thee,

“ And pray to Israel’s God to turn thy heart.”

The great law-giver blessed the abject king,
And gathered his tribes to quit the land ;—
It was a glorious, a solemn sight,
To see some hundred thousand beings freed
From the hard chains of toil and griping want,
From hapless bondage, by the hand of heaven !
And as the mass of living joy went forth,
A shout of glory to the King of kings
Rang to the very top-most vault of heaven,
Praising the God of mercy for his aid.

— Within the walls of great Rameses stood
Un-numbered monuments of deep despair ;
The howl of mourning shook the very earth ;
For, ere another sun had set thereon,
The Angel of Destruction's wing was spread,
Wafting dread ruin o'er that fated race ;—
Egypt was desolate !

THE CHILDLESS WIDOW.

SHE looked around the lone deserted walls,
The vacant chair then met her trembling eye ;
And visions of the past her mind recalls,
Weaving her dark bewildered destiny :
The cradle where she watched her infant's brow,
Was tenantless and *lone* as her heart now.

She wailed his death, no tear did damp her eye,
'Twas as the raving thunder without rain,
That blackens with its frown the stormy sky,
And vents its vengeance !—So vents she her pain :

A pain that palled her bosom, till despair
Clung to her heart ! then, wailing, rent the air.

It was her "*first born*," and her only one,
That had been snatched from off her widowed breast ;
And left her on the world, a being lone,
No friendly voice on which her soul could rest ;
No face familiar, and no ray of hope,
Gleamed o'er her heart, and so her spirit broke.

She looked to heaven ! and her silence spoke
Of persecution from the hand above ;
And then a struggling sigh and murmur broke
From her white lips ; and then her parched tongue strove
To pray ! and slowly kneeling on the earth,
She bowed submission—*then* her tears had birth.

Aye, then she felt *Religion's* soothing power,
And her fond mind then pictured out that he

Was gone to bliss ! though fate on her did lower,

His soul was throned in immortality :

And she blessed God for all his chastisement,

As lowly to His will her spirit bent.

And now a holy calmness lights her face,

She walketh on her humble duty's path,

Propped by the spirit of an inward grace,

And thanketh God for all that now she hath :

For she possesseth more than human weal,

The comfort of His word her heart doth feel.

TO THE SPIRIT OF POESY.

Her evil is *all* good ; for though she frowns
Upon her votaries ; and lets them pine,
And sink, beneath the burden of neglect ;
Still doth she pour a balm upon their souls,
Which lifts them far above this mortal sphere ;
And weaves around their hearts a potent spell,
Which all may envy, but which few can know.
O ! is there not a richness in the *mind*,
Which mocks the diamond, and the bauble wealth ?
Then call her not ingrate, for she doth blend
Hope everlasting, with a day's despair.

My own MSS.

GIVE, oh give me the poet's wreath,
For it ne'er can know the touch of death ;
The painter's skill must fade away,
And the sculptured stone will sure decay :
The poet's wreath for aye is green,
'Twill flourish bright as it e'er hath been ;

Time will strengthen the prize of thought,
For this my spirit thy aid hath sought ;
Give, oh give me, immortal power,
That bloometh beyond the present hour ;
Long as the pulse of men shall beat,
And the soul of memory hold her seat ;
This, oh this, is the wreath for me,
'Tis the crown of immortality.

Homer and *Virgil* spirits come,
And bring the wreath that your song hath won ;
Milton, thou of a later day,
To thy Lost Paradise lead the way ;
Shew me thy dream, and let it lie
Upon my soul as a prophecy :—
Thou, the son of the *Ephrathite*,
Appear, appear to my longing sight.
Thou, the greatest of all that be,
Infuse thy spirit, and set me free ;

Then, oh then, shall my soul rejoice,
And dwell with rapture upon thy voice ;
Spirit of Poesy give me this,
The wreath that crowneth *Eternal bliss* !

THE LAST OF THE BRIGANDS.

A SKETCH.

He laughed at nature's changes ; with the deer
He'd lie i' the forest ; face the Winter's tooth ;
Or, like a Negro, mock the burning sun.

Rev. G. Croly.

“ AYE, this is freedom !” and a hundred rocks
Echo the cry of yon fierce, lawless man ;
The precipice upon whose verge he stands,
Dauntless and fearless as the wild chamois,
Joins in his iron frown !—Defiance sits
Calmly, but sternly, on his sun-burnt brow ;
And joyful peace smiles from his warlike eye.

No rule imperial, no set track of man,
Binds that unshackled soul!—he looks on high,
And heaven by day, by night, sends forth its light.
Its season fresh, its morn and evening dews,
Its Summer's cooling breath, and Winter's storms.
From Nature's book he reads his destiny,
From all the ominous signs of changing skies,
He doth provide; and takes his daily course.

The palaces of Nature are his home,
The mountain-top, whence the young eagles gaze,
From out their eyry on the blazing sun;
The ravine, and the dell, where the wild cat,
And meaner beasts of prey, have made their haunts;
And where the rushing cataract doth fall
In boiling foam, spitting its mad-like froth
Adown upon the rivulet and stream;
The caverns that the quakes of earth have rent,
When the hot fire in her burning womb
Burst forth, and scattered devastation round,

Where the fell tiger, watching in his lair,
Crouches like *death* upon the track of *life* :
All, all, receive their sovereign master, man.

His wants supplied by an unerring hand,
That never pointed rifle, but it slew ;
His mark a certain death, his power, his will.
He drinks from out the purling crystal brook :
Wine, and the sumptuous viands that do steal
The finer senses of a god-like mind,
And lay the man besides the senseless brute,
He spurns as poison !—for the full-ripe grape
Hangs from the beauteous vine, and courts his lip.
His couch, no bed of down, no curtained sleep ;
The wild, the blooming heather is his rest,
And for a canopy, the dark blue sky,
Enwove with myriads of golden stars,
Hang in more state above his weary brow
Than doth the damask o'er a monarch's head.—
The wind, that steals among his raven locks,

Wafts health, and whispers *Freedom!* in his ear.
For music, where can *Art* its fancies throw
In harmony so sweet as *Nature's* song?
The rippling current of the lambent stream,
As it doth course amid the flowers and reeds,
The silent whispering of th' eternal space,
When in the solitude of night, stars sing
Their speechless, bright, and beauteous hymns to heaven.
Or, when the thunder rises in the west,
And walks with slow and solemn measured tread,
Like warlike music on the battle track;
And as it nearer comes to greet the ear,
Bursts forth in all its flaming awful ire,
Spouting the lightning from its heaving breast,
Making the noise of battle's din, appear
A whisper to its wrathful crashing bolt.—
Is there not music in the swelling wave,
That dashes headlong o'er yon craggy peak,
Throwing the silvery shower of its spray
Far o'er the land, asserting ocean's might?

Does it not cry aloud,—Earth, I am free !
Is there not music at the hour of dawn,
When from the dark and silent gulph of night
Day rises, heralding the glorious sun ?
When the trees live, and move, and breathe with song,
And the lark rises from its grassy nest,
With swelling throat pouring a strain of joy,
Soaring upon the wing of harmony,
Till form and song are lost alike in space ?
Doth not all nature concert to his soul ?
For freedom breathes o'er earth, o'er sea, o'er sky !

The busy city, and the hum of men,
Who gain their pittance by the hand of toil,
And suppliant bend to court the rich man's smile,
Cannot entice the child of liberty !
He looks contempt upon the merchant's store,—
The hive of industry,—the pest of drones,
Who fatten on the sweating brow of slaves,
And live like women, wanton in their gauds.

Oh, he is *free* ; no beck, no call of power,
Can stay his eagle range, his falcon flight ;
No jesses bind him for a courtly sport ;
He owns no master—he himself is Lord !—
Bounding with lithsome heart from rock to rock,
He carols to the sweetness of the morn,
As he pursues the wolf, or strikes the deer :
The mountains are the only sentinels
That respond to his voice the watchword cry.—
The bugle, low and sweet, steals o'er the vale,
As signal of his love ; and at its sound
The *Brigand's Bride* is clasped within his arms :—
No false, no fickle vows, no perjured oaths,
No mammering of words, no subtle craft,
Doth loosen, bind, free, and enchain again,
Her trusting heart !—His soul is free from guile,
As from the finer arts of cultured man.

The proudest noble in all Italy
Owned her sole daughter of an ancient house ;

And love-created Venice' wealthiest sons
Aspired to bend beneath her gentle yoke ;
Such yoke as freedom binds round beauty's form—
Such yoke as silk-worms spin, so fine, so rare,
Yet such a yoke, that when it once is spun
Round woman's heart, becomes a death-set bond ;
A chain, to which the adamantine rock
Would seem a spider's web, a misty dew ;
That yoke, that bond, that chain, is woman's love.—
Yes, she was lovely ; and her ebon hair
Shone second only to her soul-writ eyes :
Yes, she was fair ;—not as in northern climes
The lily shines, but as the damask rose,
A shade of darkness, purified by light :
Yes, she was noble ! both by birth and soul :—
Yes, she was rich, in title, beauty, wealth ;
But title, wealth, and beauty, were the *least*
Of all her attributes !—Her mind was pure ;
'Twas like a beam shot from the mid-day sun,
Pure and yet strong,—light's essence—burning fire.

Such was Count Jago's daughter, *Miriam* ;
'Twas at the Carnival, where Venice sends
Her beauty forth t' astound the gaping world ;
'Twas when the Adriatic wave is ploughed
By prows of vain contending gondoliers ;
And wealth, and beauty, urge them to the goal ;
On such a holiday for love and joy,
The BRIGAND stood upon the *Bridge of Sighs* ;
'Twas there he gazed upon what seemed to him
Fit women sport, and gaudy foolery ;
And with his observation thus engaged,
He stood a statue framed in god-like cast ;—
A shriek uproused him ! 'twas a cry of death !
He answered it ; and plunging from his stand,
Dived headlong down the soft embracing wave,
And plucked a senseless being from the tomb !
'Twas she of whom I speak. In after days
They met, and his life's story he divulged ;
She heard, believed, and trusted—gave her heart ;
For she, like him, was not of common mould :

She was his other self, his soul's shadow !

He was *alone*, and she loved loneliness,

With him for solitude. She left her home,

Her father's heart, and all her quiet peace ;

Her noble kindred, and her wealthy state ;

Became his bride ! and blest her destiny.

And yet he lives an outcast from the world,

A willing exile from the haunts of men :

See, see, how proud the child of *scorn* doth stand,

With folded arms, and eyes upturned to heaven :

With pouch and dagger, and with carbine slung

Athwart his martial form, he dares the world.---

A single feather placed within his cap,

Crowns him as masterless ! That feather dropt

From off an eagle's wing, while in the moult :

He caught it as a prize, a valued prize,

And set it there, to deck his state withal :

No hand dare grasp it, for he swears it fell

From Freedom's height! and slaves should ne'er profane
The shrine of Liberty with their base touch.

Yes, there he stands, the leader, and the last
Of a free band,—his *Miriam* all his joy;
And in the extacy of this same bliss,
He shouteth as he pointeth to the skies,
“ O heaven! O earth! bear witness, I am free
“ *Aye, this is freedom!*”

LINES ON THE
DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

He was the soul of genius,
And all our praise of him are like waters
Drawn from a spring, that still rise full, and leave
The part remaining greatest.

Jonson.

THE spirit that was wont to roam
O'er fields of chivalry,
The hand which grasped the magic wand,
And caused the maiden sigh,
That marked the passions of the heart,
Hath left its earthly course—
Is cold and helpless—and its strength
Hath lost its wonted force :
That spirit wanders now alone
No hand to give its feeling tone.

The lightning now may cease to glare,
The thunder cease to boom,
The soul that marked that flash of fire
Hath rose above the tomb ;—
The storm may check its wild career,
The whirlwind hold its cry,
The storm may howl, but oh, its wail
On nothingness doth die :
The genius of great nature's life
Hath fled from elemental strife.

The spirit which to hearts hath spoke,
Of human joy the bliss,
That painted the first throb of love,
The whispering magic kiss ;
That sang of deeds of war and blood,
And made the full heart bound,
Is gone upon immortal wings,
A better sphere 't has found ;
Where grief and pain can never come,
To mar the everlasting home.

Weep, Scotia, weep ! thy *Bard* is gone
To join his kindred dust ;
His harp hath ceased,—the strings are broke ;
The music of the gust
Alone doth speak of where it was,
Of where he did sojourn ;
Well may'st thou wail—to thee, alas !
He never can return.
That harp can never tune again,
'Tis gone to swell the heavenly strain.

THE UNFORGIVEN ONE.

But why shouldst thou remember me ?
A thing betrothed to misery,
Were surely best forgot !
Yet all life's ills would pain me less,
Than proving thy forgetfulness ;
Then oh, forget me not !

Miss C. C. Bentley.

“ COME nearer, nearer, father ; oh, come closer father, nigh,
“ And let me press thy hand again once more before I die !
“ Oh, do not frown so angrily ; oh, do not hate me now,
“ For Death is coming o'er me, and His tear is on my brow :
“ I feel, I feel, I cannot last to see another sun ;
“ Oh, bend thy spirit, father, ere my earthly course is done.
“ My life may have offended thee, undutiful and wild ;
“ But art thou not my father ?—Yes ; and am not I thy child ?

“ If heavenly love can look upon repentant mortal man,
“ Wilt thou not melt thy heart of flesh? Come, father, while
you can.
“ A little, little longer, and you can’t recal the past;
“ Come nearer, father, press my hand; oh, it will be the last.”

So spake he, as he lay upon the thorny bed of death,
So whispered forth his wretched prayer, with an expiring breath:
The father would not hear that prayer—unmovingly he stood,
As the rock on which the ocean wave doth beat at every flood:
He would not list the sigh that rose—the sigh of agony,—
And thus the wretched youth exclaimed, “ Oh, father, *now*
I die!”

He spake no more; you might observe a slight convulsive start,
’Twas over—for a *father’s curse* had crushed a broken heart.

PRIDE AND GLORY.

Go, hie thee to the rank church-yard,
Where flits the shadowy ghost,
And see how little *Pride* has left,
Whereon to raise a boast !

W. H. Garrison.

HUMAN pride and human glory,
Title-page of fable story ;
Which appears so glittering bright
To the eye of mortal sight,
But, alas ! the gilded toy
Hides, beneath, a base alloy.—
Watch us in our infancy !
What so helpless born as we ?
Watch us in maturer years,
Fraught with endless hopes and fears ;

Till at last the vital flame
Is quenched by *death's* unerring aim :
Then the *worm* doth food provide,
From the corse of human pride.—
Where is pride, and where is power ?
On a throne, or lady's bower ?
Shall the spring of beauty's bloom
Claim exemption from the tomb ?
Shall the star of glory shine,
When there is an end of Time ?
Shall Fame's trumpet lead the way,
On the awful judgement day ?
No, as *equal* all there stand,
Rich and poorest of the land.
Then the meek and humble heart
Will take a great, a glorious part.—

What is man, and what is life ?
Birth of peril ! living strife !

From the cradle to the grave,
Passion marks him for its slave ;
Yet the crawling, abject worm,
Dare its fellow-being spurn.—
Human pride, and human glory,
Thou 'rt, indeed, a fable story.

THE CONDEMNED.

I saw him in the chapel, and I heard his funeral prayer,
I heard his groan of agony, and watched his vacant stare ;
The day before he gave his life, for *blood* that he had shed,
I heard the preparations that would link him with the dead.
I saw him walking in the eve—gaze on the setting sun,
The last denotement that his life its course had nearly run ;
I saw the tear of misery steal down his haggard cheek,
And saw him struggle, but in vain, his wretchedness to speak.
He went into his gloomy cell, counting the moments fly,
That intervened between that night, and hour he should die.
I saw him on the bed of thorns that conscience planted there,
And he rolled about in agony, as he muttered forth a prayer ;

I saw him leave his wretched couch, and bend the humble knee,
He tried to pray ! but shriek'd aloud, "There is no hope for me!"

I saw the *Pastor* enter, to console him in his grief,
And heard his solemn voice expound the tenets of belief ;

I saw his sad eye brighten, as repentance shed its ray,
And heard him make confession, ere the dawning of the day ;

I saw him on the morning, when his life was but a span,
And I heard how true contrition had cheered the dying man :

I saw him on the scaffold—what an abject thing was he !
And heard the dreadful bolt, that launched him to eternity :

And as his lifeless body swung upon the fatal beam,
The past sad scene appeared like the vision of a dream.

THE
EMIGRANTS FAREWELL TO IRELAND.

Must I leave thee, must I leave thee, all endearing as thou art,
With a love that burns unquenchable within this bursting heart ?
Must I leave thy robe of emerald, so beautiful, so bright,
And shroud me in a colder clime,—steep my blossom in the
blight ?

Yes, thy rash misguided sons have wet with *blood* thy
verdant sod,
And thy valleys green, and mountains, are by stranger foot-
steps trod ;
For the naked knife is dripping, and the torch is blazing high,
And the midnight murderer points out the time for men to die.

Oh, the curse is graven on thee, as those cities daring God,
Those cities of the plain, that sank, like a mist beneath his nod :
Oh, the Infidel is on thee ! the mock patriot's word is up,
And filling poison for thy fame which in sorrow thou wilt sup.

Oh, heed them not ; oh, list them not ; for they lead thee to
despair,
And a fiend is watching, ready to engrasp thee in his lair :
Oh, think upon thy harp of gold, and thy shamrock ever green,
Now, oh, think of what thou art ! and more, of what thou
might'st have been.

Thy song hath ceased, the plaintive strain hath now ta'en the
place of mirth,
And thou stand'st a monument of degradation to the earth
Now uprouse thee, oh, uprouse thee, and once more be *men* again,
To thy noble ancient banner up ! and wipe away the stain.

I must leave thee, I must leave thee, all endearing as thou art,
With a love that burns unquenchable within this bursting heart.

THE POET'S DEATH-BED.

(A SKETCH.)

Genius gave
To him its golden treasures : he could pour
His own impassioned soul upon the lyre :
Or, with a painter's skill, create such shapes
Of loveliness, they were more like the hues
Of the rich evening shadows, than the work
Of human touch. But he was wayward, wild ;
And hopes that in his heart's warm summer clime
Flourished, were quickly withered in the cold
And dull realities of life.

L. E. Landon.

WHERE is thy spirit, Poesy ?—thy charm,
Thy golden dreaming, and thy deathless spell !
Where are they now ? Go, ask that dying one ;
Go to yon couch, and mark that forehead pale,
And the cold damp upon that marble brow.
Where is thy power that was infallible,
And pictured out such blissful scenes of life,
That death, o'ershadowed by its flowery wreath,

Was lost for ever to the memory,
Or seeming lost, till found, alas, too late?—
Where is the colour of the impassioned cheek ?
Gone ! fled so soon to mock thy following.
Canst not withstand the tyrant's freezing wrath ?
Bid him depart ! call Life, and bid it smile,
And wrap the robe of health around thy form ;
Pour strains of melody from off thy lip ;
Command the lily wither ; for the rose
To bloom in its carnation holiday ;
What, do they heed thee not ? Will not the breeze,
The summer breath of health, cool thy hot blood,
And blow the fever from thy bursting veins ?
Is't from a dream thou wakest ? rouse thee now !
Art but a man ? Yea, thou art less than man,
Soon, presently, a *worm* ! So reason speaks.

And this is life ! and this romantic thought !
And this th' imperishable fount of soul,
That flows forth in the torrent of its strength,

And will not be impeded by rank Death !
Vain boast—proud heart—false trust !—
O, why should Fancy, in her motley garb,
Win the rash heart of man from better hope,
And make reality a scene and jest ?

Now such an one have I beheld, when *death*
Was calling for his victim ; when his voice
Curdled the crimson tide, and blanched its hue.
I marked him well, as on his couch he lay,
Waiting the summons !—'twas an awful hour,
So full of changes, blended hopes, and fears ;
His raven hair hung in loose glossy curls
Apart the forehead ; a transparent light
Shone o'er his face, like a thin summer cloud
When veiling the bright golden mid-day sun ;
His eyes were shining brightlier than aye,
But you might see a shadow deep within,
As though Hope sank, when Joy was drunk with life,
E'en as a dew-drop on a violet,

Trembling to fall as the air rocked its bed.—

And then I marked a change come o'er his face ;

The light of the Enthusiast had fled !

His pale lip curved, his brow assumed a frown,

His cheek, that late looked wan, was crimson flushed,

As though a damask rose had breathed o'er him.—

He started ! (for the fever had his brain)

And called on *Agnes* !—“ Come, girl, where's the wreath,

“ The wreath you made me ? No, not that of flowers !

“ The bays ! the laurel ! holly, girl ! Aye, there ;

“ Come, crown me, sweet, with immortality !

“ There ! there ! 'tis done ! Who dares traduce my fame ?

“ What voice was that ? Oh ! Agnes, do not weep :

“ Who wronged thee, girl ? whisper the recreant name,

“ And hell shall echo it !—Heaven hears thy prayer.

“ He could not love thee ; could not love the shrine

“ Of virtue, truth, and all earth's dearest ties ;

“ Ambition spurred him to the steep of fame,

“ Of infamy ! base, foul, and false ! Thou wert

“ His victim !—Look, Agnes ! now I have him !

“ Treacherous WALTER ! struggle not, 'tis vain.
“ He chokes ! I strangle him ! Hark, how he groans !
“ List ! dost hear his heart break ?—Agnes, I come !”-
So, shrieking, down he sank, and the cold sweat
Poured from his face like rain, as with his hands
He clutched his hair, and groaned a horrid curse.
It was the memory of other days
That had so touched him, and so jarred the string
Of feelings which had sunk in apathy :
Bitter remorse for crimes adjudged in heaven
Preyed on his vitals ; and the blighted flower,
The Agnes of his love, (if love can kill)
Stood the accusing angel of a life.

Again he moved, and recognized my face,
For reason had took up her vacant seat
Within the chaos of his memory :
He bade me ope the window, that once more
He might gaze out upon the setting sun,
And watch his sinking glory :—and I thought

How typical of man's brief life is day,
Rising in brightness ; then a few short hours
Envelop him within the darksome tomb,
Whence but *one* other day can ever rise,
And that the *last* ; to millions *first* of woe.

He gazed ! oh, what a look was pictured there ;
Despair's last gleam shot o'er his quivering flesh ;
For the mysterious future *now* unveiled
The wild imagination of his soul,
And pointed out a something yet uncared,

Though not unthought, unfear'd—now feared most.

Oh ! at that hour what was the praise of man ?
What was the echo of the millioned voice,
With Fame's loud trumpet, and a world's applause,
To the small whisper in the pulse of life,
Which nought can drown, or shut from out the heart,

Thou hast not died to live, but lived to die ?

He prayed, and bade me pray : and then he wept,
And then he struggled hard with sturdy death,

Till all was vain!—and then for Mercy prayed;
And then for *Death*, to ease him of his pain.
His eyes grew dim as mist; his cheeks sank in,
Like melting snow flakes; and his shrivelled lips
Gave horrid vent to rattles i' the throat,
Till Death's last call was heard, and answered:—
He lay a stiffened corse; but on his brow
His wonted majesty kept its fixed frown,
And with a haughty smile his lip was curved,
As though he still despised the tyrant's touch.—

I knew him in his youth, ere passion's power
Had poisoned the sweet flow of soul within;
I saw him day by day as genius dawning,
And heard his wild imaginings poured forth,
In strains of noble feeling: nature then
Had printed all her beauty on his form.
But he forgot the purity of her heart,
Clung to the vile deceptions of his race;
Loved—thought he loved—betrayed—and loved again;

Or seeming so, strew misery on his path.—
He never spoke but blight was on his words ;
And woe the lip he sealed with a kiss :
One victim Agnes was—poor girl, she died !
And when, too late, he found that he *had* loved,
He could not shake the passion from his heart,
But rankling there, his inward peace devoured,
And paid him back the tribute of his trust.
A melancholy seized him ;—from that hour
I never knew him smile, except in hate,
Hate of himself :—So day by day he drooped,
And died a hopeless, broken-hearted man.
Oh, how, *I* felt the parting of his soul,
Can best be spoken by a Father's love.

THE BRIDE.

Hast thou ne'er
Seen a transplanted flower—see how it droops,
And fades, and dies? your southern gardens ill
Suit the wild heathbell. She hath never known
Sorrow till now. Now, lady, she hath lost
Her home, her father.

Miss M. R. Mitford.

SEE where she stands in beautiful array,
Youth smiling on her,
E'en as the rising of a summer's day :
Sad though she joyeth !
Simplicity is strewn o'er form and dress,
Love looks upon her,
Her doating heart thro' tear-drops he doth bless,
Her soul he buoyeth,

Is't not her bridal morn ! her life's sweet day,

Her dawn of pleasure ?

Then why should sorrow o'er that soft brow play,

Marring her blessing ?

When the fond soul doth meet, no more to part

From its own treasure ;

What then pours bitterness upon the heart,

While love 's caressing ?

Oh, 'tis the shadow of the days gone by,

That mocks her joying,

That dims the lustre of that speaking eye,

Her hopes alloying.

Bliss perfected is gone, 'tis lost when won ;

'Tis like a flower,

Which when it bloometh fades beneath the sun ;

Aye, soon it dieth :

We look with painful joy upon the past,

The future hour

Is with a cloudy darkling overcast;

The heart it trieth.

E'en so is she whilst perfected in bliss,

Which Love so painteth,

That she would fain believe no joy but this

The world containeth,

As she looks on the bridegroom of her choice;

But her soul fainteth,

To think of home, the kind parental voice—

She ne'er complaineth;

For joy unspeakable doth melt away

Those pearls of sorrow,

And smiles betoken that a brighter day

Will gild her morrow.

How stedfastly in faith she walketh forth,

On him relying,

Who is to be the guardian of her worth,

Through pain, through pleasure;

On him she trusteth with her first of love,

Nature outvieing;

Who can express the feelings that so move

Joy's tuneful measure?

None but those beings who have truly felt

Its magic power,

For strongest minds Love's influence will melt

With its sweet breathing.

Aye many is the stubborn breast I ween,

Hath had to cower,

And bend beneath the light of beauty's beam,

When 'tis inwreathing.

Now she breathes freely, for the morning breeze

With kisses presseth

Her sweet lips with its music from the trees,

Sighing it blesseth.

The humble village church they enter now,

To crave the blessing:

How beautiful she looks ! her timid brow
Trembles with gladness,
As with her hand she gives her tender heart,
Her eyes professing
More than her tongue can speak, as their lids part,
And shine through sadness :
The *diadem of Love* ! a plain gold ring,
Decketh her finger ;
Aye, more than India's wealth that simple thing
By her is rated :
She whispers, *Husband* ! and he answers, *Wife* !
Those accents linger,
Like rays of *Hope*, to cheer the storm of life,
Now they are mated.
How beautiful *they* look ! in *Faith*, in *Love* !
Hope to them given ;
Oh, when their life is spent, may they above,
Find *peace* in heaven !

THE GRAVE OF THE BETROTHED.

Sadness had sunk into his inmost soul,
Though none knew why, and few might guess the cause.

A. A. Watts.

GROW daises, grow, and wrap her in your spangled satin dress,
Twine ye with soft green grass, make beautiful her lasting bed;
He who loved her will water ye with tears, he will ye bless,
For she who sleeps beneath is dear to him, altho' she's dead.
Like ye, she was so fair, and yet so meek; scarce fit for earth;
Clad in her innocence, she could not brook the world's cold eye,
And so her spirit fled! she was so mild e'en from her birth,
That like ye, flowers! she bloomed, then dropped her head,
alas! to die.

And you, ye little orbs of gold, that court the summer's sun,
Ye buttercups ! that lift your shining eyes, and smile o'er death,
You're welcome ! *you* were *dear to her*, when life's first dawn
begun ;

Oft in her childhood's hour we've gathered ye, and wove a
wreath—

A golden crown, to deck our infant brows, that spring of life ;
Aye, then how oft in innocence I've prest her to my heart,
While in simplicity *she* called me *Husband ! I* her, *Wife !*
We little dreamt how soon the foe of life our souls would part.

Bloom, bloom, ye Violets ! scent ye the sod that hides her form ;
Her breath was sweet as yours ! She 's looked on you, and
thought of heaven ;

Breathe o'er her corse your sweetest first perfume at early morn,
And let your latest evening sigh to her be given.

Fall, fall, ye Dew-drops gently on the flowers that deck her
grave !

Refresh their fading, drooping lives ! Nourish, but crush
them not ;

They decorate the burial of peace, which nature gave,
The dark, damp, dreary home, the sure sad end of human lot.

And thou, pure spotless marble, that her name and death record,
(Thou fond memorial that marketh the departed worth)
Stand undefiled by the touch of man ! a meet reward
To virtue such as her's !—She was too mild to live on earth,
And so her sister angels called her to their home above !
Where her soft spirit would dissolve (in endless bliss) away !
They bore her from a frail and earthly, to an heavenly love ;
Aye, my *Betrothed* they plucked, like a sweet flower in May !

S I G H S.

Sighs steal from out the heart, as perfume comes from flowers,—
Scenting the unkind air that blights them.

My own MSS.

SOFT ! heard you not a'sigh,
Breathing o'er the air,
Soothing with its lullaby
The child of care ?
 'Tis a Mother's !

Now another gentle sigh,
Breaking from the heart ;
Just as if 't would die,
If not caught in part !
 'Tis a Lover's !

Hark ! a third we hear,
Weak and feeble breath,
Coming from a bier ;
'Tis a sigh o'er Death.

'Tis a Mother's !

'Tis a mother's sigh
O'er her only hope ;
'Tis a Lover's agony,
That never spoke ;—
'Tis a Lover's !

TEARS.

We are the solitude of grief;
Love's citadel—the dead man's grave.

My own MSS.

THERE is a tear that falls from those
Who hearing, feel another's woes ;
And *Pity* is its name !
It speaks in silent eloquence,
With throbs whose beatings are intense ;
Its feelings are not vain.

There is a tear that's sadly shed,
Over the dying and the dead ;
That is *Affliction's* tear !
It flows alike from youth and age,
From folly, aye, and from the sage ;
Dying and dead are dear.

There is a tear from a mother's eye,
When she first hears her infant's cry ;
That is a tear of *Joy* !
The fount of nature is its source,
And deep, though tranquil, is its course ;
'Tis shed without alloy.

There is a tear, a brilliant gem,
Sparkling like a *diadem* ;
That is a *Lover's* tie !
It quivers, but it does not fall,
Standing a monument to all,
That love can never die.

There is a brighter drop by far
Than morning sun, or evening star,
That glistens in the eye !
Religion gives the relic birth,
Wafting the mortal thought from earth
Unto the Deity !

THE APPEAL.

A BALLAD.

OH, say, dost thou love me? Sweet, give me a token;
But let not the spell by a word, love, be broken;
Let thine eye speak thy thought, and let its beam kindle
A feeling so pure, that none other may mingle.

Oh, say, dost thou love me? Sweet, give me a token;
But let not the spell by a word, love, be broken.

A sigh from thy heart, love, will waft me a blessing;
A kiss from thy lips, love, shall be my caressing;

A touch from thy hand, love, shall pledge us for ever;
Can language express more? Oh, never love, never.
Oh, say, dost thou love me? Sweet, give me a token;
But let not the spell by a word, love, be broken.

There's a charm in thy voice I fain would awaken,
There's a faith in thy truth which ne'er can be shaken;—
I would not its sound, love, my dream should dissever,
For when it is broken,—'tis gone, love, for ever.
Oh, say, dost thou love me? Sweet, give me a token;
But let not the spell by a word, love, be broken.

FIRST LOVE.

Oh, love ! triumphant love ! thy throne is built
Where tempests cannot shake it, or rude force
Tear up its strong foundations !

Henry Neele.

Now who can say that Love is but a dream,
And who will say that passion is a vice ?
Can the heart speak that never felt its power,
To the sweet breathings of an ardent soul
That pines away in sighs !— Like a poor flower,
When 'tis neglected, from the gay bouquet
It droops and withers, but its death is sweet.—
E'en so is Love !—its scent of truth survives

The agony of Death!—E'en reason gone,
And the poor shadow of mortality—
The soul-less being with the sense shut out—
Struggles at lucid intervals to speak
The name adored!—till madness checks the thought ;
And then the wretch, like a poor gossamer,
Wantons on nothingness, till love is lost.—

They tell of broken hearts, and laugh with doubt,—
Let them laugh on :—but when they feel the wound,
The retrospection of the by-gone day
Will nurstle agony for time to come,
And cradle sorrow on the lap of joy.—
The *Poet* prates of love ; he smiles at man,
To think *his* fancy can enslave the soul ;
With pictures drest in fiction by his pen,
He would be atheistical ; but truth,
With her pure innocence and conscience-tongue,
Speaks to conviction, and he stands condemned.—
The deep *Philosopher*, who spans the heavens,

And dives into th' eclipses of the moon,
And guideth out the course of many stars,
Calls it a mockery ! He sees the dream,
Drawn faintly on his firm-built searching mind,
And smiles with doubt ; he thinks 'twill fail to strike,
When reason plunges in her depths of lore !
And then he tries his heart by problem-rules,
And says that so much virtue cannot live,
For vice and frailty shroud the mortal state.
Vice turns to virtue, ere he can conclude,
And frailty changes into constancy !
He looks upon her face, and loves :—and faith
Speaks with devotion, and enwraps his soul ;
He yields to wonder, what his sense forbids,
And solves at last that Love has murdered him.
FIRST LOVE ! speak, sceptic, hast thou tried its power ?
If thou hast not, then give thy soul her range.
Let thy stern brow relax its bitter frown,
And let thine eye conjure up to thy brain
A form thou 'dst love ! then seek and find that form,—

Give her no name but LOVE ! and thou art slain,—
First look,—first speech—first answer—and first kiss—
First bliss requited !—all the tender snares
That the great god of joy hath bound thee with.
Remember how in extasy of thought
You first spake to her ! when your heart beat high
'Twixt hope and fear ! Oh, think on her first look !
Remember how she answered with her eye ;
When her lip trembled, and her breath escaped,
As though 'twere struggling to drown a sigh !—
How, when she spake, the words came creeping forth,
Like the dim twilight of a summer's eve,
Blushing to stand between the day and night !
How the sweet words hung on her ruby lips
Like precious pearls, too rich for common wear !
And when you prest her hand, remember then,
The chilly warmth ! the burning mass of snow
That lay engrasped in thine ! twining so soft,
As though it feared 't would break if too hard pressed
The charm that linked you,—and dissolve her bliss.

—Then hast thou felt a part ! wouldst thou know more,
Go forth into the world, and watch its smiles ;
Hear the loud laugh ; and mark the changing eye
That deals with passion to an usury !
That steals a sigh from woman, to forsake !
That taketh doubly for each good it gives !
That mocks with *fiendish smile* the soul it hates !
Make thee a friend e'en as thyself !—a man.
He shall *swear* to thee ! and will wring thy hand,
As though his heart did covet all thy faith :
They call it *friendship* ! oh, 'tis but a fiend,
A damned spirit that enshrouds the clay
Of ever grasping (*self*) mortality :—
Thou 'lt be deceived ! thou 'lt find a poisonous snake,
That comes with stealthy pace, to strike thee sure,
In that most wanton, silken-robed slave.
—Go to thy home ! and e'en upon thy hearth,
Those who have reared thy blossoming of life
May turn, and shut thee out ! thy brother twin,
Thy only sister's smile, may turn to frowns.

The world will hate thee, though it speak thee fair ;
A flatterer's tongue will paint thee *dross* with *gold*,
Which glittering, dupes, and robs thee of thyself.
But *she* can *never* change ! her first of love
Is so twined round her tender soul, so deep,
That nought can change it ! e'en the unkind look,
The word of anger, and the act of shame,
Changes not woman : where her heart is set,
It lives to die, it dies to live in death.
The rack of mortal pain is pangless then ;
She wavers not when death has dimmed her eye,—
She speaks in darkness, but can never lose
The object of her love ! True as the star,
That guides the mariner upon the wave,
When boundless waters loose him from the earth,
She keeps her faith ! True as the god of day,
Who sets in the same glory as he rose,
But with a holy calmness, that doth make
His setting far more hallowed to the soul
Than was his rise—she wanes away in bliss :

And looks beyond the grave ; beyond the stars,

Beyond the sun, she builds her paradise,

And on imagination's flighty wing

Her mortal thought soars to a better world,

To meet her soul's idolatry again !

This is a woman's truth !—this is "*First Love!*"

THE MANIAC.

He came not ! then the heart's decay
Wasted her silently away :
A sweet fount, which the mid-day sun
Has all too hotly looked upon.

L. E. L.

SHE sits in the porch,
Of the desolate hall ;
The moon is her torch,
The night is her pall ;—
Her heart is the grave
Of a long-buried hope ;
No joy *now* can save,
For her spirit is broke.—
The eve of her life
Is now drawing apace ;
Its morning was rife
With her beauty and grace.

Alas ! that such change
Should come o'er her soul—
Her mind should so range,
Without reason's control.

She sings to the moon,
And she laughs loud and high ;
Her feelings then swoon
In a heart-rending sigh.

The fountain of light
A tear-drop doth dim ;
The gem sparkles bright,
When she thinketh of him !

It trembles, it falls !
And the crown of her pride
Dissolving, recalls
Back the desolate Bride.

Abandoned, deceived !
This, *Love !* is thy token ;
A spirit bereaved !
A heart that is broken !

THE GIPSEY'S WARNING.

Kiss not, play not, with the lip,
Smile not, guile not, with its sip ;
Press not, grasp not, with the hand,
Trust not, mould not, such a band.
Kisses sweet, and grasp, and smile,
Hands that meet, are human guile.

Tell me not of lover's sighs ;
Tell me not of speaking eyes ;
Tell me not of beating hearts ;
Tell me not of Cupid's darts ;
Cupid's darts and eyes will wile ;
Beating hearts ! all, all ! are guile.

Man doth look on beauty's cheek,
Passion through bright eyes doth speak :
Woman's love, and tender look,
Soon forsaketh ! soon 's forsook !
Beauty's cheek and passion's smile,
All ! yea, all ! are human guile.

Kiss not, play not, with the lip ;
Smile not, guile not, with its sip ;
Press not, grasp not, with the hand ;
Trust not, mould not, such a band.
Kisses sweet, and grasp, and smile,
Hands that meet, are human guile.

So spake the Gipsey and her prophecy,
Quailed on the heart beneath her searching eye.

J E A L O U S Y.

WHAT is the sharpest pain
Of mortal agony ?
What doth the soul enchain,
That 'twould be bliss to die ?
What bids despair cling round
Hearts that were wont to love ?
Makes life a rankling wound,
As through the world we move ?
Let thy soul ask of thee,
Is it not *Jealousy* ?

What made the angel fall
Down from the choir of heaven ?

And foul rebellion call
For power to be given,
Equal to Him who made
Worlds!—whose omnipresence
All their foundations laid,
In his omnipotence?
What dared the Deity?
Presumptuous *Jealousy!*

Then 'ware thee of the spring,
Whence passion's poison flows;
Sorrow it sure doth bring;
Taste—it doth death disclose.
Love will with *Hate* combine,
Joy will with *Grief* unite,
Pleasure with *Pain* entwine,
Day be to thee as *Night*;
Life will a burden be,
If thou hast *Jealousy!*

THE SPIRIT OF THE GRAVE.

A DREAM.

I HAD a dream, a dream of Death,
I felt my last expiring breath ;
I heard the mourners o'er me weep ;
My flesh with worms began to creep ;
The earth fell on my coffin top ;
I shrieked ; but oh, they would not stop ;
Their footsteps soon away did die ;—
Ah, dreadful was my agony.
I burst my shroud ;—a monster stood
Smiling upon me, till my blood
Curdled, and fixed me like a spell ;
He spoke these words,—I marked them well :—

“ *I am the Spirit of the Grave* ; I tread
“ My path o'er the corse of the newly dead ;
“ And my dance is over the coffin lid ;
“ My love, the body that lies putrid ;
“ And my bridal robe is a winding sheet
“ Just torn from the flesh,—O ! it smells so sweet.
“ O'er the new-dug grave you will hear me sing,
“ As on the top of the coffin I spring,
“ Just as the dread requiem-bell does toll,
“ The departure of an immortal soul.—
“ I delight to list to the rattling earth,
“ Fall crash on the breast-plate,—to me 'tis mirth :
“ And many above, who look down, I deem,
“ Are not half so sorrowful as they seem.
“ I joy to hang o'er a body that's fresh,
“ And watch the decay of the rotting flesh ;
“ To see once bright eyes that did shine so full,
“ Melt away, and sink in the rusty skull ;
“ The glossy, shining, luxuriant hair,
“ Turn dust on the brow of the young and fair.

“ I sit me down by the withering heart,
“ And mark its decay ;—it is my art,
“ In the centre to place a worm to eat
“ That part where love and passion did beat.
“ The child of misfortune I soon discern,
“ For 'tis not so fleshy, 'tis not so firm,
“ As the rich and proud ; they are stubborn things ;
“ But hardest of all are the hearts of Kings :
“ The Miser's is next, it part melts away,
“ At having the price of his grave to pay :
“ Though bony and tough, I get at the core,
“ With more ease, than he got his sordid ore :—
“ Yet they all have love, some small and some great,
“ The miser his gold, the monarch his state.—
“ I had my being when ABEL was slain,
“ By the bloody hand of fratricide CAIN ;
“ With his dying cry I was called upon,
“ And proclaimed the King of the Skeleton.
“ As *he* fell, *I* rose to my darksome throne,
“ Though a monarch, of subjects I had but *one*.

“ As I drank of his blood, the first that fell,
“ Earth groaned,—a horrible laugh sprung from hell ;
“ For the fiends were waiting, as well as I,
“ The millions whose bodies were doomed to die :
“ But *two* have returned from my rank abode,
“ They were Lazarus, and the Son of God !
“ I could not *them* hold,—a Supreme did say,
“ Release !—I dared not Him disobey.
“ Since then upon crowned heads have I fed,
“ I make no distinction between the dead :
“ I cannot but laugh at the pageantry
“ With which they usher a king to me ;
“ The crimson cloth, and the sceptre and crown,
“ Laid over flesh that is *carrion* grown ;
“ And to hear the courtiers whine and sigh,
“ While the new made monarch is *mourning* by :
“ There’s something so very satirical
“ In the pomp of a royal funeral.—
“ I have tasted tears from every eye,
“ That have wet the sod where a corse did lie ;

“ Few came from the heart, except those that fell
“ On the humble and unadorned shell.—
“ *I am the Spirit of the Grave*; and all
“ The rulers of earth down before me fall :
“ My empire will not with a few years flee,
“ I shall reign until time shall cease to be.—
“ The great ones of earth can their subjects count ;
“ Of my realm of bone who knows the amount ?
“ My power will cease when the last trump sounds ;
“ Then old death will terribly shake my bounds,
“ For all he has silenced will rend their chain,
“ Their bones and flesh will unite again ;
“ And they ’ll burst my doors in their agony,
“ At command of ONE who is greater than I.—
“ —Thou hast partly heard my power ;—prepare
“ Thy heart for the *worm*, I must place it there ;
“ The flesh must rot from thy breast, (don’t shrink)
“ That I of the drop at thy heart may drink !”

He seized me by the throat, and prest
His body huge upon my chest:
Great drops of sweat fell from my brow,
Methinks I feel his grasp e'en now:—
Struggling, I gave a frenzied scream
Which broke my trance!—*'twas but a dream.*

THE PORTE-FEUILLE.

THE PORTE-FEUILLE.

THE NEW YEAR.

'Tis midnight and a solemn silence reigns,
Whilst millions waiting for the knell of Time,
With outstretch'd ears, list for the coming hour.
Thou tardy sentinel haste on thy pace ;
And with thy iron tongue proclaim the deed,
That leaves a wreck of human misery.—
The clock strikes twelve,—and on each stroke there lies
An awful summons :—Now the gaping crowd,
With indrawn breath and expectation tired,
List to thy last fell stroke ! oh warning dread
Yet dreadful—joyful—thy vibrating sound,
Thou lone last stroke, is caught as welcome news,

For at thy death hearts live, and joyful throats
Pour forth the greeting of a GOOD NEW YEAR !
The merry pealing bells join in the shout,
As ecstasy upon triumphant wing,
Soars to the future ; as the Eagle soars,
To gaze upon the mid-day glorious sun.—
Man—giddy—reckless man, hears not the knell,
Of human hope, of wither'd joyless joys ;
To him 'tis music—and a Father's bones,
Though scarcely rotted from the clammy shroud,
Cannot recall a Child's despairing sigh.
The future is the God of human bliss !
The future is the fortune of the poor !
The future is security 'gainst woe !
Oh error, fatal, that can lead the heart,
To build upon so unstable a theme.—
The year is *past*, and with it what is gone ?
Ask thou the widowed heart,—the Orphan's sigh,
The early grave—and early steep'd in crime ;
The thing of yesterday—a blooming flower,

To day's rank weed, cast to the callous worm— :
Where is the Mother, who when last this hour
Struck joy to all her home ?—where is she now, .
Who smiling sat the guide of youthful love ?
Go to the Church-yard, and a little mound,
With one white stone upraised at its head,
Points to her home ; while Time, the Chronicler,
Cries *here she lies* ; the loving—and the loved :
Where the Child, the parents dearest hope,
That lisp'd the name of Father and was blest ?
The new made Bride ?—the Bridegroom in his bloom ?
The pure—the spotless—honorable man ?
Go ask the grave, call *Death* and let him tell !—
Some by disease, by pestilence have fallen ;
Some on the scaffold,—some by sudden stroke,
Honored and loved—dishonored and despised ;
All good—all evil mix'd with filthy death,
Corrupting, and corrupted,—rusty skulls,
Where fair flesh shed the roseate hue of health ;
Socketless eyes, where fire and colour strove,

To master passion, and dart forth despair.

—The Proud in life, are scarce blown out and puff'd,

By tinsel ornament and gaudy shew,

'Ere the fell Monster comes and strips them bare.

Oh, human frailty, how grand thou art ;

Unharness'd Warriors, and unfrocked priests ;

Grovelling beneath the cold and silent sod ;

And yet the pride in death's proud mockery,

Is more presumptive—raising monuments,

The marble urn, the carved sculptur'd stone ;

Fame's record, and a perishable trust :

How truly pitiable to see the corse,

Deck'd out with marble ; and a gaudy name

Emblazon'd on its face like wedding gear,

While Flattery's pencil deeply draws her line,

And writes of Virtues—Genius—Love—and Wealth

Tells of deeds past, as guides to deeds to come ;

Till Time, with rusty finger blots them out,

Leaving a formless fragment, and a void ;

Then farewell Honour, Pride is truly slain.

—But what heeds man, what warning will he take,
The past is gone ! he cries,—the future smiles ;
With sparkling cup half drained, and vacant stare,
He quaffs a health to all—*a merry year* ;
Shuts sorrow out as past, and pain to come,
Digs his own grave—and poisons his own life ;
Luxurious suicide !—fain will you yet,
Recall these illspent hours :—The song, the jest,
The table-uproar—frenzied rolling eye,
The pledge to Love, to glory ; Friendship then,
Will prove dishonor—hate—and fulsome praise.

—*The New Year* wakes ! another feather moults
From off the wing of Time ; and on its shaft
Millions have perish'd ! true, yet fatal stroke—
Nature's decree—man's curse—the oath of God !—
Think not I preach, would I could preach in truth ;
Cause tongues that call for wine cups—speak in prayer,
Usher new hours as minutes should be spent,
As precious streams of light that flow from heaven,
Letting the weary soul commune with God,

Stamping a blessing where a curse would prey.

—I said Time's shaft had flown—Time's shaft will fly—

E'en now 'tis gone ! Death sits upon the barb,

And with his fatal breath blights out his path,

As doth the lightning !—many fall e'en now ;

Art thou exempt ? Thou smilest at thy youth,

Thy strength, and health ; have not as young as you,

Untimely slept, untimely fled the world ?

Cast off the mockery of mortal joy,

Repent in time, prepare thyself for heaven.

—But why to youth alone this warning give

Is *Age* so proof, impervious to wrong,

That it should heedless join the giddy mass ?

Obtain a second childishness in life,

And be exempt from worse than childish sin ?

Oh shall the furrows on the wither'd cheek,

Where threescore years and ten have mark'd their track,

Acquire new strength to wrestle with hard death,

And mock his coming ?—Shall the palsied arm,

By length of years, defy the span of Time ?—

Oh! aged men, ye grandsires of the tomb,
Take warning by your prototypes now gone;
Set up your souls and throw a deeper cast;
Than reckless Folly, led by mad-brained youth;
Let worms and sepulchres, note Time's dread tread;
Shut out the world, ope wide the book of life,
Life's own true precept—everlasting day.

LIINES

ON READING "THE GIAOUR" BY LORD BYRON.

A great Eternity of Time is his.

—OH for a spark of that bright fire
Which struck throughout the Poet's lyre ;
And flung such rapture o'er his strain,
As hearts may never feel again ;
Steeping the soul in realms of light,
Where all is beautiful and bright ;
And deeds of arms, and woman's Love,
At once the soul and spirit move.

—Oh for a spark like this to shine,
Immortal o'er the mortal shrine ;
Lifting the soul above the dross,
That earthly passion doth engross ;
Winging the better spirit up,
To taste of that beatic cup ;
Whose draught is pure as ether drawn,
From off the sun-beams of the morn.

—Oh for a spark like this to blaze,
That I might scan with Eagle gaze ;
Within the secret springs of life,
Where Love and Hate are full and rife ;
That I might search the secret mine,
Where all is hid of bliss divine ;
And burst the trammels that now bind,
The longings of an eager mind.

—Oh for a spark of that bright flame,
That owns not kindred, owes not name ;

That is a portion without space,
Infused in some of human race,
Whose strength shall never fail or fall,
E'en when the Universal ball
Of Nature sinketh to decay,
When Earth and Heaven melt away.

A BACCHANALIAN.

SPEAK, God of Love ! and let thy voice,
Bid my fainting soul rejoice :
Speak, God of Love ! and let the spell,
Comfort to my heart now tell :
Am I beloved ? will Laura prove
Faithful ?—speak thou God of Love.

I hear !—The soft enchanting strain,
Streams like sunset o'er the main ;
With golden breath of purest glow,
Warming my heart's pulses through :
Thy fragrant kisses hopes now move,
She *is* faithful !—God of Love.

Then fill the goblet ! I will drain,
Health unto the rapturous strain ;
Raise ye the sparkling nectar up,
In my brightest jewell'd cup :
I'll quaff it to the dregs, and prove,
Its power with thine,—God of Love.

S T A N Z A S.

TO POLAND.

COME bring your banners to the fight,
Bare your strong arms in Freedom's right ;
Unsheath the sword, with all your might
 Strike bravely up for *Liberty* !

Rise, men of Poland ! up, away !
Throw off the Tyrant's bloody sway ;
'Tis glory leads ye to the fray ;
 And brand your foe with obloquy.

Strike, sons of Freedom ! let the fires,
That urged the spirits of your sires ;
Burn with a flame that ne'er expires ;
 And burst the chains of Tyranny.

Arise ! ye Legions of the brave,
Exulting high your banners wave ;
Win Freedom, or a glorious grave ;
But sink ye not despairingly.

Come on, come on, away !—ye must,
Your panoplies will gather rust ;
A nation's glory claims your trust ;
Then yield not to this *Slavery*.

A WALLACE—WASHINGTON—and TELL,
Have proved the cause of freedom well ;
They call upon ye, with the swell
Of millions,—shouting VICTORY.

TO AN INFANT, SLEEPING.

As a breath upon the Ocean,
Or summer's sigh ;
A sweet thing of light and motion,
Yet born to die :
Aye, love, little art thou dreaming,
The bitter cup,
That so temptingly is beaming,
In *grief* thou 'lt sup.

Who would deem that there is planted,
A deathless mind ;
That within thy breast enchanted,
A soul lies shrined ;
Who would deem that toil and trouble,
Could mar that brow ;

That life bursteth like a bubble ;

To see thee *now*.

Oh ! I would not break thy slumber,

So sweet, so calm,

Nor with earth's, those moments number,

And burst the charm ;

Then, oh ! sleep, sleep on my sweetest,

Thy hours are brief ;

For the after-years thou meetest

Are strewn with grief.

But how wonderful the power,

To thee given ;

An immortal glorious dower,

Points to heaven ;

Darling, may thy gentle spirit,

Err, love, never ;

Then, my babe, thou wilt inherit,

Joy for ever.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

SAY, hast thou ever seen a flower,*
That blooms for ever, and whose power
Withstands death's touch ;
Whose beauty, and whose humbleness,
An everlasting strength possess ?
Woman is such :
'Tis Woman's type, that humble flower,
Is the rich casket of her dower.

Say, hast thou ever heard a sigh,
Like music, from the spheres on high ;
So soft, yet deep ;

* The Everlasting Daisy.

Kindled by rapture and despair,
Melting like sunset on the air,
Or Infant's sleep ?
Tis Woman's speechless thoughts that tell,
The strength of Love, of hope the knell.

Say, hast thou ever seen the flame,
Of heaven's lightning strike the main ;
Unheeded stroke ;
And mark'd the mighty waters flow,
As though they ne'er had felt the blow,
Or spurn'd its yoke ?
'Tis Woman's type, Love passes on,
Unmindful of the mark of scorn.

VOICES.

THERE is a voice upon the air,
 Soft, sweet, imploring ;
Youth, pouring forth an earnest prayer,
 The God adoring :
It undefiled floats to heaven above,
Angels record it,—spiritual love.

There is a voice of piercing woe,
 A sound like gladness ;
Chilling the heart's best pulses through ;
 The laugh of *madness* !
A mental earthquake, reason overthrown,
The Great Creator's image void and lone.

There is a voice that greets the ear,
So sweet, so soothing ;
Whose sound is ever mild and dear,
Life's troubles smoothing :
Maternal tenderness !—who does not know,
How strong, how pure, a *Mother's* feelings flow.

There is a voice, e'en like a sigh,
So deep, so thrilling ;
That speaketh from the melting eye ;
With rapture filling
The very soul of life ;—its spell doth move.
The heart's deep fountains,—'tis the voice of *Love*.

There is a voice whose dreaded sound,
Blanches the bravest ;
Strikes terror dumb—inflicts a wound ;
In vain thou cravest
For mercy from its power ;— for at its breath
All fall and wither ;—'tis the voice of *Death*.

There is a voice in every thing
That Nature giveth ;
Earth, Air, and Ocean, all do sing
The God that liveth !
The soft sweet breathing flowers, the stormy main,
Each in their turn the *Mighty One* proclaim.

P O V E R T Y.

A FRAGMENT.

SEE wretched POVERTY with squalid mien,
All palsied stricken, shivering in the blast ;
With downcast eyes, beneath whose pent-house sheen
Despair shoots forth its lingering light ; the last
Of Earth's cold misery.—See where he crawls,
Like noisome reptile on a dungeon's walls ;
The scoff of pamper'd Pride, with puny breath,
Craving a boon to stay the hand of death.

Observe the tatter'd rag that wraps his form,
A very mockery to shut out cold ;
And shield his shrivell'd body from the storm ;—
Mark him, ye worldlings, rob'd in cloth of gold ;

The various colours of his mantle hide
A soul more pure than yours, 'tis free from pride ;
Yon wretch on whom ye scarcely deign to nod,
Is the great image of a Mighty God !

Creator of the Universe, of all,
Of earth, of heaven, and the spheres on high,
Who marketh out the meanest that do fall,
And with a look can span eternity,
Watch this thy creature, (tho' a child of scorn,)
Who mortal sufferings hath meekly borne :
Thou wilt exalt the humble—thou who swore
Man should exist, when *Time* should be no more.

THE OCEAN GEM.

WHEN Neptune first from off his stormy throne,
Viewed Earth and all her Isles, he mark'd one gem,
That proudly from the rest stood forth alone,
And placed it in his Kingly diadem ;
That gem was BRITAIN, and the Sea-god swore,
Her Fame should last, till Ocean was no more.

Her Fame ! oh world confirm the prophet strain,
Europe, thy Sovereign nations have obeyed
The mandate of her voice ; how oft the main
Has joined her tongue of thunder, when the shade
Of her bright red cross flag, has terror spread,
Blanching her foes with myriads of their dead.

List Asia, Africa, and thou new world,
Columbus—found America, ye know
How from their seat the mighty she hath hurl'd, .
And sought new worlds where the huge Icebergs flow ;—
Undaunted as the Lion on her crest,
She bares to all her daring noble breast.

She is the Queen of Nations, Land, Sea,
And deep Philosophy beneath her scan
Succumb and yield the palm.—The Slave is free !
Her fire touch bids him stride forth as a man
And burst his chain.—Britain, thou 'lt ever be
Land of the Fair—the Noble—Brave and Free.

THE PAST AND PRESENT YEAR,

PAST.

YEAR, thou art gone to thy silent rest,
As the sun that sets in the glowing west ;
And like the sun in his course thou 'st seen,
Many a chequer'd and varied scene ;
Life and Death, have stood side by side,
Like an old man with youthful bride.

DAYS, ye have fallen, like flowers that droop
'Neath the poisonous breath of the Autumn's swoop ;
One by one, ye have faded away,
As the past hath seized on ye for its prey ;
Your course is run, your race is done,
Destiny's thread your shroud hath spun.

HOURS, ye pulses of day's brief life,
Ye are sever'd by Time's relentless knife ;
Your bonds are burst, and ye now may flee, .
E'en as Chaos upon Eternity ;
Many recall ye back, would fain,
Some from pleasure, and some for pain.

MINUTES, ye periods lightly thought,
Experience fatally has taught
How precious ye are, ye germs of time,
Ask those upon death-beds, when steep'd in crime.
Oh, they would clutch ye as a prize
Dearer than aught beneath the skies.

PRESENT.

YEAR, thou art come, and the future beams,
Like a youthful smile upon sun-lit dreams ;
Visions of joy and of bliss in store,
Like a miser counting his precious ore :

Some upon Love, and woman's smile,
Some upon Hate, and foulest guile.

DAYS, ye are gliding so softly on,
Unthought, unheeded, till ye are gone ;
E'en as the merry, sweet nuptial bell
Follow'd, alas ! by the Funeral knell ;
Fair and beautiful, find a grave,
Lips, no kisses, but worms will crave.

HOURS, how heavy ye speed away,
Till the moon sheds forth her silv'ry ray ;
Then are ye prized, and the Lover's voice,
Will whispering tell ye, how they rejoice ;
Time flies on, and his plume is fleet,
Yet too slow, till again they meet.

MINUTES, ye come, and away ye flee,
To join in the gulph of Eternity ;

Those that have passed ;—how fast ye sweep,
Some ye usher to life, some, lasting sleep ;
Cradle and Grave,—the breast and bier,
The laugh of Joy,—and silent tear.

Each YEAR, each DAY, each HOUR, each MINUTE cries,
Prepare, vain man ! e'en Nature with us dies ;
Years are but Minutes, in the Eternal span,
Seasons on Nature prey,—and Death on Man.

THE SEA ROVER'S SONG.

I LOVE to roam o'er the beauteous Sea !
On the breast of its calm so blue ;
I love to roam, and 'tis joy to me,
To list to my jovial crew ;
As on my ship glides, a stately queen,
All deck'd out in her rainbow hue ;
She 's the lov'liest sight that e'er was seen
For she sails like a wild sea-mew.

I love to roam o'er the beauteous sea !
When the winds and the waves conspire ;
To toss my ship on its waters free,
As the lightnings belch their fire :

To hear the shout of the seamens' voice,
Whilst the sails all shattering fly ;
And list to the howling storm rejoice,
As it drowneth their feeble cry.

I love to roam o'er the beauteous Sea !
As the Chief of a gallant crew ;
I scud the waters a Rover free !
Through the foaming and briny dew ;
I chace the foe,—and where'er I go,
I conquer the brave and the free ;
I dare the storm,—and the tempest blow,
As I sail o'er the beauteous Sea !

SILENCE AND NIGHT.

SILENCE and NIGHT,

Watching your younger Sister, placid SLEEP,
How beautiful are ye!—When thoughts too deep,
 Yet all too bright
For utterance,—bind the heart up like a spell,
The wrapt soul yearns amidst your starry hosts to dwell!

Night's Canopy,

Spread by the Almighty hand,—wrought with rich Stars,
More glorious than the Sun,—whose lustre mars
 The radiant sky,
Or clouds its beauty with excess of light:—
I gaze on thee enraptured,—with His power and might.

Up Spirit!—soar,

Imagination spread thy rainbow wings:—

Heart,—weaned from transitory mortal things, .

Joy and adore!—

Body to Earth—thy native element,

Spirit cast off the flesh—join the Omnipotent.

Silence and Sleep;—

The peaceful slumber;—sweet beatic dreams

That flow around the heart like sun-lit streams,

Pure,—calm—yet deep:—

Meet time for adoration—time for rest.

Time to commune with God,—the blessed with the blest.

Night is the time,

When conscience preys upon the sinful breast,

Forsook by Sleep the victim rolls unrest,

Trembling with crime;—

Darker than rayless midnight is that gloom,

Which strikes upon the soul a cheerless,—hopeless doom.

Time hallowed,
To converse in the spirit with the past,
With those earth loved,—and cherished to the last,
The peaceful dead :—
Silence sweet comforter of woe ;—with thee
There is a Joy in Grief,—in Man—a Deity.

I love the Night !—
The silver stars studding the azure sky,
The vast expanse of heaven,—through which the eye
Scans with delight,
Tho' not unmixed with awe,—th' Eternal hand :
Will man His love despise ?—Can man His wrath withstand ?

SILENCE and NIGHT,
Watching your younger Sister, placid SLEEP
How beautiful are ye !—When thoughts too deep,
Yet all too bright,
For utterance,—bind the heart up like a spell,
The wrapt soul yearns amidst your starry hosts to dwell !

THE BRIGAND'S SONG.

'Tis the well-known note of my bugle call,

That echo doth mock,

From ravine to rock,

That breaks on the night like a waterfall !

Again, hark again, is the signal blown ;

Prepare for the fight,

Or ere the Moon light,

Our prize will be lost, our prey will have flown.

Arm, lads, up, away ! o'er the mountain steep,

Be silent, for death

Lies on every breath,

Be wary, wake not e'en an Eaglet's sleep,

With carbine and dirk prepare for the fray ;

Your goblets fill high,

Let each one drain dry,

The signal,—they come ! brave boys on, away !

STANZAS.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

STAR of the soul, how I do love to gaze
Upon thy glorious face ; thy silv'ry light
Flows in one stream of peace, there is no daze
Of fierce contention glittering on the sight ;
But one soft look, more piercing than the blaze
Of noon's strong glory, in its powerful might :
—Thy beam is hallowed to me, I explore
The wonders of thy Maker and adore.

The worldlings heed thee not, thou 'rt too retired,
To strike upon the feelings of the throng ;
By me thy simple beauty is admired ;
Around my heart thy spell is bound so strong,

I could opine the host of heaven quired ;
Hailing thee Queen, and greeting thee with song ;
—Thou 'rt like the beauteous smile, that lights the eye,
Of mortal innocence in infancy.

How oft have I held converse with my soul,
When night has veiled the burning weary day ;
When thousands seek the jest, the song, the bowl,
To some lone streamlet have I bent my way ;
Deep fraught with meditation ;—mark'd the scroll
Of an Almighty hand—thy speaking ray,
—Whisper'd how good, how wonderful is He
Who formed those worlds—who is—Eternity.

And I have gazed upon thee when my heart
Was far from *Him* who throned thee in the sky ;
Mine *eyes* dwelt on thee—but thou hadst no part
In my existence, save to raise a sigh ;
A sigh, for what? for one of earth—a start,
Convulsive sobs that would but could not die :

—A pang of madness—Love—deception's power,
That drowns the future in the present hour.

But time has changed me, and I view thee now,
As one recovered from lethargic sleep ;
A cool and genial health steals o'er my brow,
'Tis not earth's sorrows that can bid me weep ;
'Tis not the warm prest hand, and warmer vow
That now ean o'er my soul their temptings sweep :
—For the immortal mind, wings on its flight,
To regions of eternal joy, and light.

Is there an Atheist? say *Reason* can there be ?
Is there a mind so lost as to deny
The presence of a glorious Deity ;
To say *chance* formed—that no Almighty eye
Governs—directs, the vast immensity
Of worlds, that roll their courses through the sky ?
—Bright Star, to thee his daring mind should soar,
Behold—repent—weep—tremble, and adore.

THE GRAVE OF THE LAST BORN.

I saw an aged man standing by a grave,
'Twas in the twilight hour,—the month was May ;
And sweetest odours on the air did wave,
Perfuming all around :—his hair was gray ;
He stood like marble monument ;—and save
A groan or sigh escaping,—one might say,
—He was a statue, placed to grace the dead,
Light from his eye,—hope from his heart had fled.

Slow moving,—on the verdant sod he knelt,
And breathed a Prayer for Her who slept below ;
The keenest pang his soul had ever felt,
Was for “ *The Last Born*,”—and the sudden blow

Fell'd every sense,—on her his joy had dwelt ;
And as I mark'd tears down his pale cheek flow,
I thought that Prayer had comforted his pain—
Appealing,—where Man ne'er appeals in vain.

Days,—weeks,—and months,—he went at eve for hours
To watch and meditate above his child ;
Upon the grassy mound he planted flowers,
Emblems of innocence,—for she was mild,
Too mild for Earth ;—but cruel Death devours,
The young,—the beautiful ;—E'en while she smiled,
Blushing at Death's rude finger on her cheek,
The hectic fled,—with it her spirit meek.

The story of her Pilgrimage on earth,
Is brief related as her span of years ;
Her death (a subject treated oft as mirth,
But one which most the heart of woman sears)
Neglect,—misplaced affection,—and the dearth
Of Hope quenched by canker sighs,—no tears

Told the dread tale,—her sweet young life did fade,
Like breath from off a bright Damascus blade.

The Father!—Childless,—desolate, and lone,
Could not shake off the parting with his child;
Upon her grave he placed a neat white stone,
Where many weary hours he beguiled,
Watching the pretty flow'rets he had sown;
He'd laugh, and talk to them in accents wild;—
A groan as tho' his heart was cut in twain,
Burst from his soul,—then all was still again.

She was “*The Last Born*,”—and the last that died,
His wife—his children,—*all* had gone before;
On her his drooping, withering age relied
To close his eyes;—She left him, to deplore
The hour that gave him birth;—She was his guide,
His age's prop,—grief could not rend him more:
'Twas thus I saw him standing by her grave,
The only spot his lonesome heart could crave.

THE SPARTAN MOTHER'S

ADDRESS TO HER SON ON PRESENTING HIM WITH HIS
FATHER'S SHIELD.

THIS was thy Father's shield,
List to my story ;
How on the battle field,
He fell in glory :
How on this shield he lay,
Scorning death's slumber ;
Fierce as when in the fray,
Foes without number,
Sank 'neath his falchion's crash,
Like huge oaks riven ;
By the fell lightning's flash,
Belched from heaven :
This was thy Father's shield,
Die, boy !—but dare not yield !

Mark, boy, those batter'd dints,

Struck by the foeman ;

Mark those rust-eaten tints,

Blood from the Roman ;

Blood thy brave Father drew,

From their breasts spouting ;

With his sword staunch and true,

Victory shouting !

Those spots within the shield,

(Tremble, nor start, boy !)

Fell with him on the field,

Gush'd from *his* heart, boy !

This was thy Father's shield,

Die, boy !—but dare not yield.

Oh, I can feel, my boy,

All of the Mother ;

Thou art my hope, my joy,

Earth holds no other ;

Yet would I see thee lain,
Stark on this bier, boy ;
Aye, I would see thee slain,
Nor weep a tear, boy ;
Sooner than thou should'st fly,
Base and inglorious ;
Fight to the death !—thou 'lt die
Bravely and glorious !

This was thy Father's shield,
Die, boy !—but dare not yield.

Smil'st thou—oh, welcome sight,
Fear cannot shake thee ;
Thou 'lt draw for Sparta's right,
Death cannot slake thee !

There !—now I know thou art,
Blood of thy Sire :
True of hand, staunch of heart,
Burning like fire !

That was thy Father's look!

Fierce as a Lion,

Who dares that frownlet brook?

Sparta's own Scion!!—

This was thy Father's shield

Take it!—thou *canst* not yield.

WAIL NOT THE DEAD.

(ADDRESSED TO J. O. BONSALL, ESQ. ON THE DEATH OF HIS
BELOVED RELATIVE RALPH OUSELEY.)

WAIL not the Dead,
Oh wherefore should we weep ?
The Spirit fled,
Hath woken from mortal sleep :
Lives in the death
Of the clay garb we wear ;
Flies with the breath,
Eternity lays bare.

Then why regret,
That earthly toil is past ;
Shall we forget,
The life *must* ebb at last ?

What tho' few years,
Or many crown the doom ;
Sorrow and tears,
Are vain shed o'er the tomb.

Wail not the dead,
There is a home more blest,
Where aching head,
And weary heart hath rest :
Not in the grave
Lies all we lov'd so well ;
The voice we crave
A seraph choir doth swell.

Then why regret,
The beautiful—the bright ;
The eye of jet,
The flash of passion's light ?
Or shrivell'd cheek,
That palsied age has given ;

Shall they not seek
A changeless home in heaven.

Wail not the dead,
Rejoice! the pang is o'er ;
The narrow bed,
Is but earth's furthest shore ;
Beyond is joy,
Pure and unsullied bliss,
Death they destroy !
Wail not the dead—for this !

THE VOICE OF NIGHT.

WHEN is the Voice of Night,
Heard soothing—sweetest—holiest to the heart ?
Is 't where the Banquet bright,
Its fleeting joys of revelry impart ?
Or when the Syren SONG,
From beauty's lip breathes rapture to the soul ;
When the gay-hearted throng,
In giddy maze drink deep from pleasure's bowl ?
Not 'midst the Banquet bright,
Or Song from beauty's lip,
Nor in the nectar's sip,
Is heard the Voice of Night.

Would'st thou the Voice of Night,
Should speak to thee all-hallowed as a prayer ;—
Woo the sweet calm star-light,
Thine eyes towards heaven, read thou God's power there ;
Heart overflowing with love,
Mute adoration—wonder—thankfulness,
There in the spheres above
A voice the *Spirit hears* will sooth and bless :
When the Stars shed their light,
And the heart breathes with prayer
To view God's Glory there,
List for the Voice of Night.

Seek for the Voice of Night
In silent communings within the heart ;
When *soul-tears* dim the sight
When mortal with his Maker takes a part ;
When stars unnumber'd shine,
When fear and wonder leave the heart for love ;

Love of that Power divine
Who died for Man, who sits enthroned above ;
Stretch forth thy mortal sight,
Seek through the vault of heaven ;
With adoration riven,
Thou 'lt hear the Voice of Night !

A FRAGMENT.

I HAD a Vision, but it was not sleep ;
It was not Day, for light no lustre shed ;
Nor was it Night, for Darkness was not dim ;
But Light, and Darkness, cast their awful shades,
Uniting and united :—*Earth* was void,
A blank in Life, inanimate and lone.
The Sea lay dumb—congeal'd and putrified !
The air was stagnant on the climeless space !
Nature lay stark,—the once bright stars were dim,
Rayless and powerless in the canopy
Of heaven's great firmament !—No heat, no cold,
Warmth had no comfort—chill had lost its pain,
'Twas Earth's last day, 't was Time's last measured breath :

No life, no motion—rocks had crumbled down
To rotten ashes ; mountains, rent in twain,
Lay scatter'd like the pebbles on a beach,
Mark there was none, to point where once had been
The site of Cities—Monuments—and States,
All, all was chaos, e'en as when first roll'd
The formless mass before Creation's birth.—

I had a Vision and the scene was changed ;
Blackness came o'er the Universe, and all
Seem'd set in one impenetrable mass
Of blindness, where no search of sight could scan ;—
But darker still the *Phantom* of my dream
Darker than darkness, making darkness light ;
It lay all motionless, but yet it gave
Motion to all around !—Rivers rush'd forth
And rolled their cooling courses o'er the earth ;
The sea leapt to the sky, and toss'd its waves,
With awful majesty, as life gush'd in,
To purify and give its spirit bounds !

The Trees grew ripening to the genial sun ;
Flowers sent their sweets upon the balmy air ;
Graves gave their dust inanimate to life
Earth was *one life !*—The wrecks of ages rose,
Blooming and fresh’ning,—and the founder’d barks,
That storms had sink within the Ocean’s womb,
Sailed gaily ’fore the wind,—nothing was sad
But *Sorrow*, and she lay, alone—apart,
Wrapt in the shroud of Death !
What was the PHANTOM ?—Time had ceas’d to be !
Death was no more ! !

MATERNAL REVENGE.*

How beautiful is Woman's love ! how deep,
Strong fix'd, the passions of a Mother's heart
When Widowed ;—For an only Son she 'll weep
During the watchings of the night,—and start
Convulsed in sleep—hands stretch'd—and lips apart ;
Shrieking in silence—fearful he is lost ;
With fever on her brain ; and throbs that dart,
And stifle in her breast—pangs that exhaust
Nature,—when direst wrath o'er her bowed soul has crost.

* These lines were suggested on hearing the Trial of Alice Potter, a widow, for Arson, at the Leicester Lent Assizes, 1834.—It appeared she fired some Corn and Hay stacks, to be revenged on the Prosecutor, who had several times maltreated her only child.—She was left for Execution, but ultimately transported for life.

The scoffs—the coldness, of an unkind world
Pass by unheeded—if on her alone,
Falls the vile contumely—for malice hurl'd
With fiendish vengeance, cannot raise a groan,
Or breathe a sigh—or change the calming tone
Of her soft voice—but if it strike her *child*!
Reason forsakes its sweet and peaceful throne,
And where once feelings reigned for earth too mild
Revenge—black—deep, and lasting,—rushes stark and wild!

And who shall say that vengeance is not sweet,
When from so pure a sourcee the passion springs ;
Th' excess of Love is madness ! and 'tis meet
When madness errs, to soothe the broken strings
That loose the heart,—when deadliest sorrow brings
Nature so low—that with the brute she feels
Nought but satiety,—to which she clings,
Can ever calm ;—till retribution seals
The dreadful compact up—then drunk with Joy she reels !

And I have known such feelings sway the soul,
Have known a Mother for her offspring's wrongs,
Wreak a dread passion—seen her fierce eyes roll,
Her white crack'd lips—lisp wild dark boding songs,
Of *Justice* without *Mercy*! which belongs
(She said) to *Widows*—I have known her break
Through human laws; and burst the puny thongs,
That bind *society*—and ne'er forsake,
Her dreadful purposes but cast life on the stake.

And such an one I've seen stand at the bar,
Of Earth's tribunal to receive her doom;
No tear-drop flowed—her spirit was at war
Too deep for *melting* griefs—a fixed gloom
Sat on her features—Hope had lost its bloom;
Her fingers moved convulsive, as she strove,
To conquer the dread future;—and the tomb
With all its terrors, had not power to move
A heart that knew no feeling—save *Maternal Love*.

HUMAN WISDOM.

“Gird up now thy loins like a man ; for I will demand of thee,
and answer thou me.”—Job. 38 c. 3 v.

SAY, in the wisdom of thy heart O man !

When the foundations of the earth were laid,

Where wast thou then ?

Unfold thy reason,—tell ME, if you can,

When the glad morning stars were all arrayed

And sang together—When the host of heaven

Shouted for joy—ere Hell was earthward driven !

Where wast thou then ?

Who with his voice shut up the mighty deep,

When it burst forth in awful majesty ?

Man, canst thou say ?

Who said—“ No further shall thy waters sweep,”
And stayed and calmed the overwhelming sea :
Formed the vast clouds—the morning—noon and night,
Sun—moon—and stars to shed their glorious light ?
Man, canst thou say ?

Hast thou beheld the gates of dismal death ?
Or entered in the treasures of the snow ?
Speak ! let me hear—
Canst thou dissolve the storm—and with thy breath
Quench the brigh arch that spans the heavens bow ?
Canst thou command the lightnings from afar ?
Make them draw near thee, and say—“ Here we are* ”
Speak,—let me hear !

Whence cometh ice—and the bleak hoary frost ?
Canst bind the influence of Pleiades ? †
Answer thou me !

* Job. 38 c. 35 v.

† Job. 38 c. 31 v.

Canst loose the bands of Orion ?—Hast crost
The Lion in his den ?—Canst, if thou please,
Stay the young Lion's appetite,—and give
Food for the Raven's brood—that they may live ?

Answer thou me !

When the proud War-Horse snuffeth from afar
The coming of the fierce and bloody battle ;
Who giveth strength ?
Amongst the trumpets when he saith Ha ! ha ! *
And turneth not when swords and quivers rattle,
Who giveth strength ?—THE LORD OF HOSTS ! 'tis HE,
The HOLY ONE from all Eternity,
Who giveth strength.

* Job 39 c. 25 v.

HEAVEN IS LIFE.

YOUTH dances along with Hope, and Joy,
Haleyon days !

Visions of bliss—sweet—free from alloy,
Love's brightest rays :—

Manhood,—stern thought,—and a gloomy brow,
Toil,—strife, and care ;
Where the calm smile of sweet childhood now ?
Hearts echo,—where ?

The moon-beam kisseth the pearly brook :
The silver stream
Windeth through many a shady nook,
E'en as a dream :—
Brightly the water rippleth on,
LIFE is the stream,

Darkness her pall spreads,—the light is gone,

DEATH is the dream.

“ Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,”

Body to earth ;

From whence ariseth the bad and just

To second birth :—

When they come forth from the silent tomb,

Judgement to hear,

Millions awaiting their final doom,

Tremble and fear.

Now in the time of the flesh prepare,

Mortal,—thy soul ;

Yearn for that bourne where sorrow and care,

Have no control ;—

Clothe up the heart in holier things,

EARTH is but strife ;

To God’s bright throne,—spirit spread thy wings,

HEAVEN is Life !

THE TWO PORTRAITS.

“Look here upon this Picture, and on this.”—*Shakespeare.*

OBSERVE this Picture!—mark the happy smile,
That lights these eyes; like sunshine peering through
The Rainbow, when the storm has fled the sky;
Their tint of azure—and their strength of fire!
—That brow! so finely drawn as though the sprite
Who paints the Butterfly, or Fairy Queen,
Had with her finest pencil curved the line
So delicately soft!—Those auburn locks,
Luxuriously flowing down the neck,
And parted on the brow with nicest art;
Such art as innocence to beauty gives:
—Rich are those tresses!—rich as if just dipt,
Within the mellow regions of the eve,

When Luna kisses the last sunset beam ;
Breathing her silver light 'midst hues of Gold.
The sigh of Roses, sweet, has dyed those lips,
And Love with his choice arrow carved out,
That mouth voluptuous ! parting to disclose
The treasure of rich Pearls arrayed within :
Joy sits upon her brow—and in her heart,
Peace dwells—for *Passion* hath not struck her soul.

Now look on this !—the outline is the same,
We recognize the features—but alas !
How changed from what they were—these eyes are dim,
Speechless—lifeless—lightless—deep sunk within
Their hollow sockets ; This brow is wrinkled,
Furrow'd o'er with grief—the fiend Despair,
Has set his everlasting banner up ;
And *Hope* and *Mercy* fly the wretched scene.
—This hair neglected—thin—and colourless ;
Its lustre gone—the hoary breath of Age
Blasted on youth ; has sown its early grey ;

These lips are pale : crack'd by fever breath,
Of utter desolation—which the heart,
Gives forth in *silent sighs*—whose agony
Strikes language dumb—parches the tuneless tongue
And burns its quiet course, like smother'd fire ;
To burst alas ! in madness or in death !—
How wonderful the change in one so young,
But still more wonderful that *Woman's Love*
Can through neglect forgive—and bow her soul
E'en to the Grave !—She Lov'd, and *her heart broke*.

WE SOON FORGET THE DEAD.

WE soon forget the dead ;

The dearest and the best, soon pass away ;

Time e'en can bid the sorrowing heart decay ;

Love like the Winter dieth,—then the sun

Of new found Summer-joys its course will run.

We soon forget the dead !

How many have we loved ?

How many hours have passed in sweet converse

Of kindred—friends ;—we bear the stern reverse

With stoic fortitude,—we see them fall

Like Autumn leaves—and scarce wish their recall.

How many *have* we loved ?

Look down into the grave,
New made—or that of many years agone ;
Call back a dear lost Friend, an early one,
Parent or child,—or one who was enwove
Around the heart with many claims of love ;
Look down into the grave !

Gaze on the *vacant* chair,
One *was*, who reared and guided out our youth,
Who watch'd the prattling lips—whose love was truth ;
Will not a tear its course of sorrow trace,
When fancy draws the old familiar face ?
Gaze on the vacant chair.

The well remember'd voice,
Affection's smile.—Th' administering hand,
When sickness broke the spirit.—The command
To walk in christian faith :—Shall we forget
Who taught the infant prayer ?—we must regret
The well remember'd voice.

Oh, cruel—cruel heart !

That cannot live with the departed dead,
Nor round them the soul-wings of memory spread :
Earth shades her face in darkness—but the Sun
Faithful, ne'er moves his light,—'tis as begun.

Oh, cruel—cruel heart !

We soon forget the dead ;
The dearest and the best, soon pass away ;
Time e'en can bid the sorrowing heart decay ;
Love like the Winter dieth,—then the sun
Of new found Summer-joys its course will run.

We soon forget the dead !

THE ACCURSED POWER OF GOLD.

Who has not felt the accursed power of Gold,
Who has not worship'd at the glittering shrine ;
Bowed down the heart's best feelings—reckless sold
Love—honor—friendship.—Drunk as though with wine
Clinging to filthy lucre, like a vine
That clasps its tendrils round a worthless thing,
Claiming submission, e'en as though divine
Its attributes—Whilst Flattery couch'd will bring
Its lisping subtle praise, and smiling dart its sting.

Have we not known its power ? have seen its use
Prolific with destruction—known the heart
Throw off the precious bonds death should not loose
Wantonly seek vile dross ; and cast apart

Sworn plighted vows—endure the cruel smart
Of the soul's loneliness.—For sordid gain
Bind Youth to Age—bring Marriage to a mart ;
Traffic in flesh—the sacrifice unslain,
Cling to a living death—a never dying pain !

And Woman ! how can she forsake her soul,
Leave it to pine and wither, 'neath the blast,
Of bitter retrospection !—*Days* may roll
In gorgeous splendour—but the heart will cast
Its broken hopes upon *Night's* couch at last :
Sighs deep and burning from a tortured breast,
Hopeless repentance—thoughts of days gone past,
Thoughts that will rob tired Nature of her rest,
A bed of down made thorns—unloving and unblest.

For Man ! he climbs Ambition's giddy height,
And like an Eagle breasting towards the Sun ;
Wings on his daring and unholy flight,
Ne'er gains the goal—the flight is never won ;

He follows but a shadow thick and dun ;
And finds the prize he might once have possest
Irrevocably gone !—Earth holds not one,
Upon whose warm and sympathizing breast
His weary head can lie—his weary soul find rest.

Oh Woman ! thou whose very attribute,
Is Love—the Love of Soul—more heaven than Earth
Whose patience in affliction some impute
To thy Sex weakness—but I know its birth
Is stronger than man's nature, of more worth ;
More lasting in the hour of adverse fate :
Why shouldst thou seek, a lone—a joyless hearth
Gan Gold—accursed Gold thy spirit sate ?
Ah no !—once bought and sold—the heart is desolate.

Insatiate tempter ! blood for thee is shed,
The Murderer prowls at midnight for his prey ;
And perjured *Lovers* at thy Altar wed ;
Armies are set in Battle's stern array ;

Some die—some wounded groan—blaspheme and pray ;
Man lives on Man—to Slavery some are sold,
The greatest Hero he who most can slay ;
Deeds done on Earth, which Hell dare not unfold,
Souls lost to Heaven—for what ? *The accursed power of Gold!*

F A R E W E L L.

Written in the Album of a dear Relative on leaving Dublin,
Jan. 18th, 1836.

IN the bright days of Youth,
When Rainbow joy, flits gaily o'er the soul ;
When hearts know less of guile—and more of truth ;
Ere the world's poisoned bowl
Is raised to blanch the lip—to kill the heart ;
Ere foul deceit within the breast doth dwell,
When words are *felt*—and Nature knows not Art ;
How bitter is the pang—when we must say, FAREWELL !

In Manhood's strength and pride,
Foul custom dammeth up the secret springs
Of sweet Affection ; heartburns will deride
As weak imaginings ;
While heedless Folly laughs,—Reflection weeps ;
False shame cries down !—forbids the soul to swell ;

And Reason in a cell of darkness sleeps,
When Nature's heart should yearn,—at the sad word FAREWELL !

Age and the Grave come last ;
With Age comes retrospection,—dreadful thought :
Years lost,—the trembling sinner views the past ;
Pride—strength—then shrink to nought :
Nature unveils the mockery of life ;
The heart that 'gainst her calling did rebel,
Quails to encounter the last awful strife
And fainteth when stern death demands,—the long FAREWELL !

Farewell—a sad Farewell !
Parting indeed is painful theme to me ;
On the past hours my thoughts will fondly dwell,
Those hours I pass'd with ye :
And oh when Life shall reach the verge of Death,
May we triumphant list the coming knell ;
Rejoice in hope—and with our fleeting breath,
Exult that we may meet,—no more to bid, FAREWELL !

A DIRGE.

SPIRIT where art thou ?
Lov'd one, oh speak I pray,
Whisper thy presence ;
Art thou sweet near me ? say !
Summer is breathing,
Roses on beauty's cheek ;
Flowers are wreathing,
Fair brows with rainbow streaks
All seemeth joyous now
Woe is me ! where art thou ?

Spirit where art thou?
That wert so pure and fair;
Come let me breathe thee
Mix with the balmy air;

Mingle our breaths love !
Choaking, and scorching pains,
Worse e'en than death's love ;
Run through my fever'd veins !
Cold sweat hangs on my brow,
Woe is me ! where art thou ?

Spirit where art thou ?
Not 'neath the silent sod,
Why should I weep thee !
Thou art gone to thy God :
MAY flowers are springing,
Over thy silent rest,
Spirits are winging,
Through the blue ether, blest :
Earth has no comfort now,
Woe is me ! where art thou ?

Spirit where art thou ?
Speak !—let me hear thy voice ;

Spread thy light o'er me,
Bid my faint soul rejoice !
Hark ! bells are ringing,
Joy, to some wedded pair,
Summer is flinging,
Perfume upon the air :
Death is my Bridegroom now ;
Woe is me ! where art thou ?

Spirit where art thou ?
Hush—I can feel thy breath !
Yes, thou art near me
Weave ! weave ! the bridal wreath !
Joy ! joy ! my sweetest,
Never more will we part ;
(Lov'd hours are fleetest,)
Gone !—break thou wretched heart :
Grave take thy victim now
Woe is me ! where art thou ?

SOLITUDE.

It is not solitude to be,
Alone, apart, from human kind ;
For then in Nature's God we see,
Wonders that purify the mind :
'Midst the still night—or blaze of day—
The silent stars,—the noontide flowers,
The ruin sinking to decay,—
The moon-lit ivy-mantled towers ;
There is not solitude in these,
For where the foot of man hath trod,
We hear a spirit on the breeze ;
The voice—the presence of a God.

Down to the woodland in the vale,—
List to the murmuring of the brook,
Or Philomela's love-lorn tale ;—
Read nature's God in nature's book ;
The giant Oak,—the stripling tree,—
The water-lily on the stream,
The singing of the industrious Bee,
Or Dove-note in the evening sheen ;—
Each,—all,—aye every thing proclaims,
The Master-hand ;—no culture rude
The stony heart of man reclaims ;
Sweet converse this,—not solitude.

Amid the city's crowded throng,
The Banquet hall—the Ball-room gay ;—
Where Passion casts her spells among
The pleasure seekers of a day,—
Music may lure with dulcet sounds,—
And Song enrapture Folly's ear,

The spirit chained to earthly bounds,
Joy's wild loud laugh,—or Sorrow's tear ;
Of these 'tis solitude—to feel
The after-pangs of keen regret ;
Pangs that reflection cannot heal,
Nor the lost darkened soul forget.

REFLECTIONS ON
HEARING A NIGHTINGALE SING,
ON A NIGHT IN SPRING.

SWEET Night, how beautiful thy couch is spread,
With richest flowers o'er the dewy mead ;
Whilst scents of luscious odours rush around,
Upon the bosom of the stilly air :—
Thou monitor, instructor, pure and meek,
Yet formidable in thy wondrous depths ;
Oh, I have stood within thy placid light ;
And watched the millioned starry firmament,
With awe and wonder, joy and innate dread !
The dread of adoration which the heart,
In its humility, lifts to the throne,
Of him, who formed the unfathomable space ;

To prove a power above the puny reach,
Of man's aspiring mind!—Spirit of Love!
Spirit of Holy thought! come to my aid!
Twinkle ye stars,—pass on ye volumed clouds;
Put on your richest livery—and paint,
Your fleeting glories—now a lesson teach
Of human life—its hopes—its promises;
So gaily drest, as though for ever gay;
So richly caprisoned, that poverty,
And all the ills of fitful changing time;
Can ne'er creep in to blot those colours out.—
How vain—how weak, how poor—how frail is man,
E'en as yon cloud, that glides in silvery light
Embossed with gold, travels its trackless course;
So he will flee, and fade and pass away!
Whither!—oh say Futurity—unfold oh Time
The scroll of destiny, and let me scan,
The heights of glory! and the depths of hell!—
Bright, beauteous—blushing night—oft has my soul,
Listened with rapture, to the fancied strains,

Of holy Cherubim—when spirits walk,
That once were mortal, and pour forth in song
Th' extatic joys of immortality !—
Oft has my daring mind wander'd from earth,
And peopled the still space—and drawn aside
The jewell'd canopy—till human thought
Urged on by meditation, far beyond
Its powers of endurance, burst my trance !
Then earth, and all earth's feelings would come back
And years agone—the hours of happy days,
Youth's innocence—the blissful pictur'd scenes ;
Rush like a torrent o'er my inmost soul,
Dissolve the phantasy—wake reason up
From her wild dream of power, to prove her weak.
—Night, glorious night ! nature's sweet couch of peace
Man owns thy sway, the weary, and the curst
Both court thy hallowed softness, to shut out
The pains of retrospection, guilt, and thought,
Or sink with rapture, and a joyous heart
Upon thy dreamy bosom—now, or then,

Some conscience stricken wretch will curse thy hour,
But thou more kind bringeth him heavy sleep ;
Steep'st in forgetfulness, the aching breast,
And lull'st him with thy poppy breath to rest.
—Season of Music too !—oft have I heard,
Sweet thrilling strains float on thy vast expanse,
When Philomela pours her gentle song,
In softest harmony—then bursting forth
In one wild lay of praise to thee oh Night ;
Waits—to receive the echo of thy sigh.—
Music of Nature ! oh how far beyond,
Art's studied mockery !—E'en she who sings
Upon Italia's shores—with rapture heard
By listening thousands, cannot match thy strain.
Nor she the Improvisatrice untaught,
Untaught by Masters, yet still learnt by art ;
Passion ! not pure like thine sweet bird of night,
Glows in her cheek and battens on her heart :—
The beautiful in form, may catch the eye,
But who can read the soul ?—it is not writ

As dreamers paint it on that sparkling orb !
Not in the eye ; ah no ! deception dwells
In the deep blue, as rocks beneath the wave ;
Not in the smile ; Hypocrisy can cloak
The foulest form—smooth down the rugged lip,—
Melt the strong breath of storms to pleading sighs ;
Stab with a laugh—and rob bestowing alms.—
Bridegroom of night ! a lesson dost thou teach,
To thoughtless Youth ; to more than thoughtless Age.
Those, whom when thou art pouring out thy song ;
Drown Time, and Reason, in one dreadful gulph
Of hideous ruin ; sap life of its strength !
Drink of the grape, and pledge health to the grave !
Health they do pledge, and devils laugh the while,
To see a soul immortal thus exposed,
Led on by babbling Folly shouting forth
The Oath blasphemous, or licentious song ;
Yet call it PLEASURE—pleasure !—let them seek
If all unwearied, the calm sylvan scenes ;
Tho' no exotic the sweet hawthorn bush

Shall incense spread, and scent the cooling breeze.

This be their Palace!—Nature and her works!

At sight of which let Idiot revelry

Shrink back; whilst Adoration lifts the eye

Placid to heaven—there read, by wonder scribed,

The ATHEIST's answer, and the CHRISTIAN's creed.

THE BRIDE'S DEPARTURE.

WILT thou leave me Sister ?
Oh sweet remember all our days of joy,
Our infancy—our youth ; in one dear bond
Clasp'd to each others heart—wilt thou destroy
My only bliss, and leave me to despond ?
Oh think of those lov'd hours, when first we conn'd
Our daily tasks !—when tear for tear was shed,
Thy sorrows mine—we never look'd beyond
The home of innocence—how oft thy head,
Has pillow'd on my heart, 'twill break when thou art wed !

Wilt thou leave me Sister ?

I feel my pleading cannot curb thy will,
My nature has not been enwove with thine ;
Yet this last hour will not pass calm or still ;
I fear thou art an offering on the shrine
Of passion's ecstasy ! though laws divine,
Point out a path of duty bless'd and pure,
Man's heart is seldom faithful !—love and wine,
The gay,—the profligate,—his passions lure ;
Thy brother dares not think, what thy soul may endure.

Wilt thou leave me Daughter ?

Yes thou must go—the sacrifice is great,
But thy heart wills it : and I may not stay
Or place command upon thee——'tis the state
Of human destiny, thou must obey !
Forsake e'en me—See love these hairs are grey,
Much watching have these dim eyes pass'd for thee,
Upon these trembling knees thou'st climb'd to play,
My voice has cheer'd thy heart with many a glee,
That voice is *tuneless* now—thy love is gone from me.

Wilt thou leave me *Child* ?
My beautiful, my own, my treasured store,
Pride of my Youth, and prop of my old age ;
Light of mine eyes—my very life—nay more
My death !—aye death my sorrows must assuage
When thou are gone upon life's pilgrimage :
Come to my breast once more, that I may pour,
My blessings on thee—for my heart doth wage
War with my peace.—'Tis done !—the pang is o'er :
The Stranger claims thee ! go—God bless thee evermore.

T H E B I B L E.

PAGE of life, of light, and truth ;
Prop to Age, and guide of Youth ;
Let me now thy leaves unfold,
Precious more than gems or gold ;
Read, and feel, thy prophet strain,
Immortality to gain :—
Awful is thy mystery,
Ope mine eyes thy light to see ;
Ope mine heart thy truth to feel,
To my soul thy bliss reveal :—
Man may err, and man may read,
Wrongfully thy blessed creed ;
Understanding may not pry,
Through thy depths of prophecy

Yet the eager thirsty soul
Draws life from thy blessed scroll :
Life immortal : lamp of joy ;
Living light without alloy,
Passing with the Cherubim,
Far from sorrow, pain and sin :—
Creeds may differ, hearts may change,
Sect, 'gainst sect, in anger range ;
Swords be drawn in vengeful fight,
Persecution strive for might ;
Though the Maker of thy law,
First forbade the hand to draw
Steel of enmity, to prove,
Peacefulness of holy love ;
Thy command is “read and learn,”
Not thy fellow mortal spurn ;
Shall man his own judgement trust,
Dare to judge his brother dust,
And in anger on him turn,
Who himself is but a worm ?

—Martyrs on the stake have burnt
Yet what lesson have we learnt ?
Life is nought to those who fear
Him who dries the mortal tear !
Pain can never change the heart,
Where *His* presence doth impart,
Power above the sweat of death,
Life beyond the fleeting breath !
From example let us learn,
Man can never conscience turn ;—
“ Founder of the christian’s creed !
“ Thou who for man’s sin did bleed ;
“ Crucified on calvary,
“ Bowed thine head for Sin to die !
“ Thou didst pray to him who gave,
“ Death to thee !—their souls to save !”
—What is Man that he should raise,
Arm ’gainst arm in enmities ?
Dare to claim a christian state,
When his heart is fraught with hate ;

Bend the knee—and lisp the prayer;
When his nature is at war,
With the precept sent from heaven
“ Forgive, as thou ’dst be forgiven !”
Outward seeming doth blaspheme,
Him who died man to redeem ;
If we do not inward feel
All the truths *thy* words reveal !—
States and nations perish, must !
And like man unite with dust ;
Sway Imperial—crouching want—
Luxury—and pittance scant—
Gold bound brow—uncover’d head,
Pillow each on earthy bed !
Sombre Reason—Idiot smile—
Depth of thought—and Folly’s wile—
Beauty—and Deformity,
Love,—and Hate, together lie ;
Time the mighty chronicler,
Leaves no trace of what they were.—

HOLY WORK ! thou ne'er canst die,
Thou art of Eternity !
Ere thy light can cease to shine,
Heaven and Earth shall mould with Time,
Sun, and Moon, the Stars—this World
Into endless chaos hurl'd !
Heaven expand—the Trumpet blast,
Proclaim—Time has breath'd his last !
All but *Thou* and *Thine* will fall,
Wreck'd with this terrestrial ball !
HOLY WORD, thy blest abode,
Is the presence of thy God :
—“ Father ! thou of all, I pray,
Lighten thou my darksome way ;
Give me heart to hear thy word,
Faith to keep when I have heard ;
Strength of soul—that I may be
Everlasting child of thee !”

THE CALL TO BATTLE.

HARK!—'tis the Bugle call,
That on thy startled ear doth fall,
As 't quivers on the blast!
Be not dismayed—the hearted brave,
Dread not the terrors of the grave;
Honour with life is cast!

Bring thou my trusty blade,
Quick!—see me for the field arrayed;
Place the helm on my brow!
I'll wear it as a festive wreath,
For Glory, battle strong with death,
My Spirit cannot bow!

Bind thy scarf round my arm,
For me it has a mystic charm,
Who shall displace it there ?
None !—though they pour on like a flood !
I'll dye it first with my true blood :
Woe, to the life that dare.

Glory ! inhale that tear ;
A Soldier's wife should never fear,
Her warrior's fate is Fame !
But thou may'st breathe an holy prayer,
To him who guides the arm of war ;
To spare, but not defame.

List, to my charger's neigh,
Preparing for the battle fray ;
Proudly he paws the ground !
With ears erect, snuffing the air,
His high blood mantles ! din of war,
To him is gayest sound.

I mount!—come forth my steel!
Foemen beneath thy flash shall reel,
The Standard bearer fall!
Proud hearts will lie uncoffin'd—stark,
Ere set of Sun—The Bugle! hark!
Again sends forth its call!

Farewell, I seek a Bride,
Upon the howling, bloody tide;
Where deadliest weapons wing!
She 's Fame—and Glory be my cry,
My charge shriek "Death or Victory!"
My Country and my King!

THE STORM.

A FRAGMENT.

THE Sun sank down in glory,—o'er the west
Floated purpureal streaks en-mixed with gold ;
No breath of air was stirring ;—not e'en such,
As would have fanned a Rosebud's blushing cheek,
When the hot day had all too loving looked
Upon its infant beauty.— All was still,
Save the sweet voice of homeward song poured forth,
By the young SEA Boy, as he fondly thought,
(Spite of bright Fame, and laurels for the brave,)
Of his *heart's home* ;—his Mother's parting look,
Her kiss—and blessing ;—all her tender cares,
Rose then upon his beating swelling heart ;

Whilst a pure tear stood on his hardy cheek :
The well remembered Cot—the jasmine bower,
All old familiar faces crowd at once
Upon his fertile fancy ;—the aged Nurse
Hobbling on crutch ;—the merry blue eyed girl ;—
His Father's grave, raised near the chancel porch ;
The holy quiet of the Sabbath morn,
And hallowed calling from the Village bell,
At which sweet sound—the cottagers walk'd forth
In humble russet clad to hear the WORD,—
All save such thoughts as these, by home inspired,
Was silent—calm—as childhood's happy sleep.—

* * * * *

A solemn moaning sound swells on the air
Hark !—the shrill note of preparation now,
Blown by the sturdy boatswain, calls aloft
The gallant crew of the brave hearted ship ;
See her proud head, how it bends down to meet
The kisses of the waves—her warlike sides
Look calm defiance :—Mark the tapering spars

Like fairy wands, stretching their peaks to heaven :
Her shrouds, of iron texture, hang like threads
Of finest silk—upon the breathless space
Her snow white sails fall listless—as she sits,
Upon the wave, like a majestic swan
Unruffled in its plumage.—

* * * * *

Look again !

The ocean heaves its swelling bosom up,
In gradual undulations.—Hark ! the winds
Upon their ruffian wings, blow blasts of death ;
And the fell lightnings spit their molten glare
In horrid flashes !—List !—the Thunder blast
Roars out to start Despair—as the Witch sits
Smiling upon her victims.—Now the mast,
The foremast, by the board, with heavy groan
Rolls down to its destruction—crackling shrouds
Fly e'en as cobwebs—'neath the sulphureous roar
Of Elemental war.—What was that crash ?
It was the Thunder bolt out forced from heaven,

By the fiend hand of Death!—crash, crash!—Again
She reels and staggers 'neath the dreadful blow;
Now rising on the mountain wave she lifts
Her proud bare head to heaven—and dares its wrath.
The lucid lightnings belch their blazing ire;
The awful winds all revel in their strength;
Whilst the dread thunder laughs so loud and deep
That the affrighted inmates of the Sea
Dive trembling!—

* * * * *

A cry! one universal cry of woe;
Hope now has fled, and all known is the grave;
The grave of waters!—Some for mercy pray,
Some dauntless stand obedient to the last
And wait the blow!—others aloud blaspheme,
And cursing rend the air.—Ah! she bulges!
That! that was her death stroke!—She rolls and groans
As tho' ten thousand Giants breath'd their last
In dreadful discord, from the ribs of Death.

* * * * *

—Lo the yawning Sea
Has opened its fell jaws, black—deep—as hell;
She pitches headlong to her fate!—Ha! ha!
She rides again and mocks the inky gulph;
Now sinks adown the cataract,—She 's gone!
—Observe the foam—the boiling cauldron, white
With death shriek bubbles—these mark out her rest
The lone cold grave of many a warrior's heart.

WISDOM.

“ But where shall Wisdom be found ? ”—JOB, 28 c. 12 v.

“ Not on the hills of EARTH—the fertile vales,
The Ocean’s depths—or gentle streamlets flow ;
Nor ’midst th’ ambrosial summer breathing gales ;
The roaring avalanche—or Andes’ snow :
Not in the halls of State—or pomp of Kings
The jewell’d coronals—or heaps of gold,—
Pearls priceless—rubies—all earth’s brightest things,
Sapphires—the precious onyx—and gems untold :—
Not in the beauty of the fairest flowers,
That stud the crown of nature in their prime ;
Nor in the battle field—or beauty’s bowers,
The warrior’s theme—and poet’s fleeting rhyme.
Wisdom is not of these ! ”

“ Not in the expanse of HEAVEN,—where the stars shine
Unnumber’d to the thought of mortal mind ;
Nor where we trace a hand and power divine :
The sun nor moon—the black tempestuous wind,
The living lightnings—nor the hissing howl
Of hurricanes blowing blasts of death ;
Or the red smile upon the Earthquake’s scowl,
Portending evil with sulphureous breath :
The calm soft bright-eyed night, when heaven’s throne
Stands forth uncurtained to the enraptured gaze
Of man immortal.—In that magic zone ?
No,—nor where’er our searching eyes we raise.
Wisdom is not of these !”

“ Where ? What is wisdom ? ’Tis to *Fear the Lord*,
To humble down the proud and daring heart,
To feel, not scan alone, His holy word ;
Cast off the world—and take the Christian’s part ;—
Believe—repent—pray earnestly for grace,—
Sincerely ask—forgive—and do no wrong—

CHILD, this it is to sit in wisdom's place,
The sinner's hate, the theme of angel's song :
Since all must die and meet the loathsome grave,
Pride—riches—power—have nothing to impart ;
Equality in dust !—Then my child, crave
A broken spirit and a contrite heart ;
CHILD !—wisdom is of these !”

THE CRUCIFIXION.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * *

HE groaned,—Earth trembled,—and in Heaven fell
Prostrate, th' Angelic Host—all *there* was mute;
Whilst HE, the Son, to GOD the Father prayed—
“*Father forgive, they know not what they do.*”
Hell shriek'd!—for Satan and his host lay foil'd
Beneath his Conqueror,—the glorious CHRIST!
The ransomed millions by HIS blood set free,
Spread consternation through the ranks of Hell,
As the Arch-Fiend in fury gnashed his teeth,
Shrieking defiance mingled with despair:
Whilst the Omnipotent ope'd wide the gates

Of his own bosom,—to receive the Son
And HIS Redeemed,—to everlasting Life.—
Yes, HE on Calvary, who bore the scourge
All uncomplaining,—who endured the scoff
Of man,—when clothed with power, he could have called
Legions of angels!—who in Gethsemane
Fell on his face in mortal misery,
And prayed the cup of bitterness might pass,—
DIED TO SAVE MAN!—Endured the cruel cross—
The pangs of lingering Death—lent his meek mind
To quivering agony—and his pure flesh
To darkness and the Grave.

Dread was the hour

When GOD the SON, the very GOD and MAN,
To GOD the FATHER,—on the Altar nailed
The Sacrifice for Man's atoning sin;—
Cried—“*Eli! Eli! lama sabachthani!*”

* * * * *

The sun grew dark—the Temple's vail was rent,
Earth to her centre yawned—huge rocks were crushed,

And universal Darkness spread her pall,

To cover man's iniquity from man.—

God mourned!—Again He cried and yielded up

His Pilgrimage on Earth—to reign in Heaven.

For us He Died—to save us from the Grave

Th' eternal Grave of ne'er repentant Hell.

* * * * *

THE HOPELESS HEARTED.

Go to the mountain, when the Lightning flasheth,
When storms and tempests rend the Earth and sea ;
As 'midst the woods and waves, it hissing dasheth !
And think of me !

On ! where the battle's fiercest slaughter 's raging ;
Pause o'er some dying wretch's agony ;
Watch the dread conflict his tir'd soul is waging !
And think of me !

Where hurricanes toss huge ships, like feathers
Blown up by children in their playsome glee ;
Go where the plague its food corrupted gathers !
And think of me !

Down to the grave, where the green festering shroud lies;
Sucking corruption from Love's ecstacy !
Look at the canker'd heart, and the once bright eyes,
And think of me !

List to the clank—when some wretch is *unchaining*,
Freed!—to be *hang'd* upon the Felon's Tree !
Hope pall'd—when Justice, Mercy is profaning
And think of me !

Take thou a maniac, urge him in his madness,
Tell of lost hours—the innocent—the free !
Hear him blaspheme—laugh with hysterick gladness,
And think of me !

My heart is like a storm—a shipwreck—battle—
A grave of worms—a chain you cannot free !
Go, where the maniac gives a frenzied rattle,
And think of me !

DIRGE ON S. T. COLERIDGE.

A VOICE cried come !—he went,
To where his crystal day dreams ever drew
The fount of living waters :—Heaven had lent,
Not given his soul—recall'd it backward flew,
All heavenward his spirit's flight was bent ;
A voice cried come !—he went.

Earth thou hast lost a spark !
Not of dull fire like thine own Etna's blaze
But one immortal ! e'en the Sun were dark
Clad in a robe of mist through night's dim haze—
Compar'd to light like his—tremble ah—hark,
Earth, thou hast lost a spark !

Grave thou hast honoured dust,
Wrapt in thy cold blanch'd bosom's dark embrace,
Thou hold'st the mortal part in sacred trust ;
Man—God's own image death shall not deface ;
The Soul can never see corruption's rest,
Grave thou hast honoured dust !

“ *The Ancient Mariner*”

Has launched his bark upon th' eternal sea,
He needs no compass now—the voyager
Steers through all space—the Star Eternity
Guides out his path—he has no sepulchre
“ The Ancient Mariner !”

TIME from thy glass has run,
A mountain grain ;—more than ten thousand fold,
The common course since nature first begun ;
Ages have past, and centuries have roll'd,
But seldom hast thou mark'd that such an one,
Time from thy glass has run.

On ! on ! beyond the skies,
He plumes his wing,—e'en where his mortal flight
Struck through new worlds ;—the soul's uplifted eyes
Traced chaos out—and from the confined sight
Burst the weak fetters that would chain its rise,
On ! on ! beyond the skies.

THE SLEEPING GIRL.

A SKETCH.

'TWAS evening,—such an one as Italy
Has painted on the chambers of her sky ;
The sun went down in glory, and his rays
Glitter'd in gorgeous splendour—o'er the west
Gold tinged cloudlets sailed amidst a sea
Of liquid azure—streaks of jasper hue,
Fretted with burnished silver, lay enthroned,
Upon vast piles of crystal—such appeared
The “cloudland” mountains.—Stretching far and wide,
Streams of pale yellow gold breathed on the eve,
Flinging rich softness o'er the varied scene.
Such was the pictur'd sky, and the fresh earth,
Added her tribute to the grateful scene
Of glorious enchantment.—Perfumed groves

Of Orange—Citron—ranged with beauteous flowers,
Flowers of such growth and beauty, that the north
Could scarcely look upon—or they would die ;
The simple and magnificent arrayed,
By Art and Nature—some to feed the eye,
Others to cast their incense on the air,
All to increase the love of man to earth,
Earth's boundless wonders—mortal to his God.
—Music was on the bough—the flood—the lawn,
Day's farewell chorister'd from wave and shore ;
Sweet sounding notes breathed from sweeter lips,
The brave war story of some Battle won—
Or serenade on maiden's canzonet—
Or gondolier keeping his measured stroke
To voice harmonious !—
Yes, I remember well that hallowed hour,
The hour when first they worshipp'd at one shrine :
SHE lay upon a couch wrapt in sweet sleep,
The latticed window open, and the breeze
Loaded with fragrance—gently kissed a brow,

(That might well have defied a painter's skill)

And revell'd 'midst her glossy raven hair :—

Across her bosom her fair hands were clasp'd

In sacred form—in the same antique mood

As our forefathers carved monuments

Of marble beauty, when enshrined with death :

You might have thought Her dead, she lay so still,

But ever and anon a shadow passed,

Crimsoned and stained her cheek—then sank away,

Like ruby clouds beneath the rising sun—

And then her lips did move—convulsive—quick,

Then pause and part again, e'en as in prayer ;

A sigh so soft, yet deep, burst from her heart,

There was a language in its silent breath

The echo of her soul.—She spoke a name !

To say the *how* she spake it ! were to tell

How sweetly musical the water's fall,

Sounds on the ear of parched misery !

It were to tell feelings which FANCY shapes

Which the heart touches, but can never feel !

It were to draw aside the veil of heaven,
To the Enthusiast's up-aspiring gaze
And quaff a draught of glory from on high !
'Twas sound immortal from a mortal's lip !—
She sighed a name—and at the sound there rose
Between the dark fringe of her eyes' sweet lids
(Which lay in silken rays upon her cheek)
A gem of pearl—proudly *alone* it stood ;
And quiver'd like a diamond in the blaze
Of its own beauty—silently it shone !—
'Twas the heart's struggle, and the rose-hue glow,
Again lit up her face with softest shade.
She smiled—that was a smile, it lay so still
Upon her cheek—like beauty's infant blush
Breath'd o'er the opening Rose-bud—
'Twas young Hope's dream, and Joy inhaled the gem
Down to her heart, and drank it with a sigh ;
'Twas the *Soul's Tear*—the first fond pang of love.

THE IDIOT BOY.

SAY what is man unform'd to reason's bound ;
Without that light of soul which lifts the mind,
Far o'er the cankering rust of Earth's dull mound ?
Oh, what is he tho' born of human kind,
Whose thoughts are scatter'd like the viewless wind ;
For whom no kindred friendship e'er is felt,
Whose day of life is cheerless, undefined ;
How can the spirit's voice affection melt,
Where God-like reason dwells not—nor hath ever dwelt ?

Unloved by nature—and all shunn'd by those,
Whose kindlier feelings should have yearned with love,
And if not love with pity :—for the woes,
Which strike the deepest root, are such as move

Compassion *from* the victim ;— Fate has wove
Round all the thread of destiny ;—the light
Shines not alike on all—some few are drove,
To darkest darkness, in one living night
The soul sleeps on its life—still God's decrees are right !

Lost mind—and lost despair ;—lost pain of Hope ;
To hate a stranger—yet to love, a child ;
Ah, why despise the spirit all unbroke
By wisdom's wreck'ning yearnings !—those unfiled
By Pride—Ambition—Av'rice—and the wild
Madness of burning *Passion*,—feel no thrill
Or pallings of the heart—ah, they beguiled
Of subtlety are truly wise,—they fill
The space where pangs prey not ;—unkindness cannot kill.

The hollow laugh—the weak and simpering cry—
The eye upturn'd—askew—the vacant stare—
Blanch'd cheek—heart rending *smiles* ; he limpeth by,
Muttering harsh sounds, to harsher fate :—oh where

The father's pride—and the fond mother's care,
Who watch'd his first of life with a pure joy ?
Built pleasures for him beautiful as rare ;
Where are their hopes—so bright, without alloy ?
Crush'd in the very bud !—ask thou the IDIOT BOY.

The lost on Earth, are not all lost to heaven,
God's image framed, by God is not despised ;
What tho' few temptings to the mind be given,
If straws and baubles are by Idiots prized,
And flowers are crowns !—if *Folly* be disguised,
How oft is *Wisdom* in her power lost ?
The wreaths of Fame have some immortalized ;
What fame ?—the Conqueror of a millioned host ?
Blood drench'd in blood, the conquered's curse and Victor's boast !

Perchance the Statesman's—or the Poet's fame,
Is fated on the topic of a day ;
Whilst the poor Idiot in his humble shame,
Contented walks upon his lonely way,

No power to err—to crime he cannot stray :—
No trophy marks his rest—no tear—no stone,
No burial pageant mocks his slumbering clay ;
Yet shall he rise, when the last Trumpet's blown !
And near his Maker seek,—an Everlasting throne.

“ Love one another” was the great command !
And how much more to love the helpless born ;
Man's deeds on earth ONE will of man demand,
The scorner *here*—shall be upheld to scorn,
So hath HE said who cannot be forsown :
Remember ye to whom the power is given,
That God protects the very lamb unshorn ;
How many helpless ones from shelter driven,
Through *Mercy's* voice appeal !—that is a voice from heaven.

GENIUS.

“ Oh, Genius ! fling aside thy starry crown,
Close up thy rainbow wings, and on thy head
Heap dust and ashes—for this cold drear world
Is but thy prison house.”—L. E. L.

WHAT is Genius ?—’Tis the mind
Breath’d from heaven ; the soul refined,
Purified from baser mould,
That Creation’s works behold,
With a deeper—firmer—scan,
Than the mortal sight of man.

What is Genius ?—’Tis the thought,
Strong with chequer’d visions fraught ;
Diving down the gulphs of pain,
Rising o’er the azure plain ;
Much of horror !—more to move,
Bliss ecstatic !—holy love.

What is Genius? 'Tis a spell,
Heart or language ne'er can tell;
Yet it speaks!—within the eye
Read its sweet serenity;
Or its blazing,—wrathful flame,
Tells of deeds of deathless fame.

What is Genius?—'Tis the fire,
Which unquenched thoughts inspire;
Ever burning—ever bright,—
Shining with effulgent light;
Those to whom the boon is given,
Taste on Earth the joys of heaven.

What is Genius? 'Tis the WORD,
Inward felt—though outward heard;
That dissolves the earthly clod,
Thrones the soul beside its God,
Bids the spirit upward soar;
Freed! to bliss,—for evermore.

IMPROPTU,

ON THE AUTHOR OF "PARADISE LOST."

THE light of Earth was dim—God struck him blind,
Darken'd the eyes t' illuminate the mind ;
Shut close the curtains of the silvered day,
Made mortal night, one bright immortal ray ;—
His sightless eyes roll'd white—o'er vacant space,
But living Glory bathed his heart with grace :
GOD breath'd His light—to MILTON's soul was given
A power to burst the film—that bound the vault of heaven.

THE DEAD WAR HORSE.

THE strife was all over, and day-light had fled,
As affrighted to look o'er the dying and dead ;
The Moon form'd her crescent, so peacefully bright,
And smil'd calm on the scene, of the soul-stirring fight.

Ah, dread was the wail of the widowed, and lone,
As most faintly the dying ones breath'd their last groan ;
The Noble—the Peasant—the Lord of the soil,
Side by side lay all stark in the Conqueror's foil.

The Horseman with falchion and shield lay down cold ;
In one dank sweat of death, lay both youthful and old ;
The blood of the Sire with the pride of his name,
Strongly flowed with the torrent that deluged the plain.

And there lay the WAR STEED, the fire of his neigh,
Had expired 'neath the blast of the battle affray ;
With nostrils expanded—hoofs dug in the turf,
And his foam mixt with blood, spread cold over the earth.

Ah ! who that had mark'd, that *War Horse* in the morn,
With his Rider's lip turn'd on the foe with fell scorn ;
Had pictur'd this scene, closed in silence and dread,
Their hearts' nerves unstrung, and their vigour all fled !

His eye cold and glazed, like the moon in her wane,
And his rider's life's blood clotted deep on his mane ;
With saddle girths rent---and a wound in his side,
Whence issued the stream, of his life's gushing tide.

No more shall the trumpet uprouse his proud fire,
No more will he champ the bright bit with desire ;
His foot will no more proudly paw on the ground,
Nor his ears gaily prick when the *Charge !* forth doth sound.

The Flag staff is broken—the banner now lies,
O'er the face of his rider—upturn'd to the skies ;
If foemen displace it, they 'll read on that brow,
The dark sneer of defiance, 'neath Victory's glow.

Sleep warrior, sleep on—the shrill trumpet in vain,
Soundeth loudly to call thy brave heart from the plain ;
Thou 'lt never man rouse !—this deep sleep is thy last,
Till the trumpet of LIFE waketh DEATH on the blast !

O War Horse ! brave *War Horse !* so strong in thy might,
Thou wilt ne'er again charge 'gainst the foe in the fight ;
For nobly thou 'st died, with the Noble and brave ;
And the field of thy Fame !—is the turf of thy grave.

CHANGES.

A BREATH—a gentle sigh ;
A struggle and a cry,
Now hushed—and mild ;
A sleep as calm as death,
Touch cannot feel the breath ;
Born is a—*Child !*

A glance of soul !—The eye,
Inspired lifts on high,
Its searching scan :
Fame—honour—love, and pride,
The throbbing heart divide,
And this is *Man !*

Blind—childish—helpless, old,
Skin shrivell'd,—bloodless—cold ;
Stopped is Life's course ;
A heap of wither'd flesh,
Where beauty once bloom'd fresh
A loathsome---*Corse*.

WHAT ARE THE SWEETEST FLOWERS?

WHAT are the sweetest flowers ?

Not those that deck the beautiful—the bright,

Nor those that bloom in rapture's blissful bowers ;

That crown the ball—the banquet of the night,

Such are the world's—not ours.

Not such as Youth, and Love,

Are wont to wear upon the festive scene ;

As 'midst gay throngs the joyous spirits move ;

Such are not those for *souls* of life I ween ;

They spring not from above !

Nor such as deck the Bride,
Wreath'd o'er the brow of bright eyed innocence :
They bloom—and wither—mock—and hearts deride,
Droop—die—and fall,—their beauty leaves the sense
With *such*—e'en Love has died.

The flowers that I would crave,
Are such as grow upon the grassy bed,
Where silence reigns—except when yew trees wave,
Where slumber comforteth the weary dead ;
Those that bloom o'er the grave.

The Rose on Beauty's breast,
May look more lovely 'neath the loved one's glance,
But flowers that shine above the dead one's rest,
A hallowed thought for those we love enhance,
We *feel* them with the blest.

The flowers of simplest kind
Then give to me—the daisy—violet,

Such as in *lone* retreats a shelter find ;
The primrose—buttercups with pearl dews wet,
To God—they call the mind !

What are the sweetest flowers ?
Those that are cull'd o'er the dear forms we love ;
Those that are bath'd by the still evening showers,
By tears—that deep affection's well-springs move ;
Thoughts all of heaven—not ours !

THE EMBLEM.

I'VE often played in *Childhood's* hour,
Beneath a young Tree's blossom flower ;
'Twas April sunshine without shower :
Aye round, and round, the stripling tree,
Have danced to many a joyous glee ;
But now the blossom's gone—the tree,
Has grown to its maturity.

And many hours in *Manhood's* prime,
I've stood 'neath the paternal vine ;
Yes, *then* my summer's sun did shine ;
My Mother's and my Father's pride,
They had no tie on earth beside ;
Those eyes, that look'd such love on me,
Are gone like blossoms from the tree.

Again I gazed!—the blasted tree,
An EMBLEM stood of Life and me;
Of Age—earth's surest destiny:
Ere few years fly the tree will fall,
To dust return—the fate of all;
The kindred ties of those I crave—
Spring—blossom—fruit—are in the grave.

Thus Childhood is the blossom'd tree,
Manhood its fruit's maturity;
Old Age, the grave of destiny;
For Life, is death—the blossom, fruit,
Old Age, the trunk—the Grave the root;
Time takes his axe of canker'd rust,
Strikes the fell blow! and all is dust.

THE FAIRIE QUEEN.

LIGHTLY o'er the flowers tread,
For the Fairies' kingdom's there ;
Homes of Roses lightly spread,
Perfumed with the Violet air ;
Lovely is the Fairie Queen,
Rob'd in finest gossamer ;
Soft her step—her sandal sheen,
Floateth on the balmy air ;—
Laughing teeth as white as pearl,
Flowing hair with golden curl ;
Lips that mock the coral's hue,
Eyes of an ethereal blue ;
Voice e'en like a silver bell,
On which ravish'd ears would dwell ;

Joy the eye that see her face,
Or motion's witchery of grace ;
Joy the ear that lists her voice ;
Ever shall the heart rejoice,
That imbibes the blissful thrill,
Her face—form—and gesture fill :—
O'er her brow a wreath is bound,
Deck'd with diamond dew-drops round ;
O'er her face a veil is thrown,
Like the young Moon's silv'ry zone ;—
Throne out-carved from shell of pearl ;
Butterfly's bright wings unfurl,
Waft her car of Royalty,
O'er the beauteous earth and sea ;—
Rarest things of sea and earth,
Breath'd the life that gave her birth ;—
When she walks the starry skies,
Brighter glow their radiant eyes ;
When she treads the blooming earth,
Flowers spring to second birth ;

Birds on wing—and fish on fin,
Rise to greet the Fairie Queen :
Mortal cannot see her form,
She is not *all* earthly born ;
Spirits that through ether roam,
Trace her calm and peaceful home ;
When her name was earthward sent,
Echo whisper'd back—CONTENT.

THE REPENTANT.

STANZAS.

I.

THEY met and on each other's eyes
Gazed in one light,—Love's mysteries
Unfolded stood :—the beating heart
Proclaimed those links could never part,
That bound their souls in unison,
And made their life's sweet being one.
They did not speak for words were vain :
Yet would a blush her fair cheek stain :
They did not kiss—or press the hand ;
Yet eyes the lips could understand ;
Aye as those lips just breath'd apart,
They spoke the language of the heart.
They did not smile—for smiles will die,
But with a spirit searching eye,

Pledged their fond hopes—their lasting truth,
With all the fervent trust of youth.

II.

Again they met, her form was changed,
From him her heart had fled—estranged ;
Another's smile—another's vow,
Had made her trusting spirit bow.

Her cheek was pale—that eye once bright,
Had lost its pure and holy light ;
The pure bright flame that lights the mind,
Was gone !—no trace was left behind,
Save that of retrospective thought,
Of joyous days, all heart-ward brought ;
Yet ah, how soon it fled—to prove,
The curse that waits on perjured love,
Her smitten soul was still the same,
She was another's, but in *name*,
Each to the other lost—no hope,
His life a blank !—her spirit broke.

STANZAS,

ON SEEING A DAISY IN FULL BLOOM ON A GRAVE IN JANUARY.

NURSED by the blast, and cradled on the storm,
Alone thou bloomest 'midst the silent graves ;
Nor courteth thou the Summer's bosom warm,
No sun-shine of the heart thy beauty craves,
For sadness is thy home !—where sorrow waves
Her widow tresses—where the orphan's sighs
Moan requiems ; as the scalding tear-drop laves
The young grass turf—which upon new graves rise,
Thy root within the earth, thy face turn'd to the skies.

Emblem of friendship !—yes, how true that friend,
That liveth not where all is bright and fair,
But to adversity will presence lend ;
To the forsaken one—where sallow care

Wrapt in th' embrace of idiot Despair,
Sits like a mouldering monument of stone:—
Man may a lesson from thee take,—compare
Thy singleness of faith to his, and own—
Hearths are like *Summer* flowers,—but few are *Winter* blown.

Emblem of Love!—thou 'rt constant to the dead,
How few so constant to the dead as you;
How few will seek a solitude, and spread
Their hearts' wings round corruption, and be true
To the departed forms they lov'd—ah, who
But has, in time, forgot the dearest ties?
Yet some there are whom death cannot subdue,
Who mourn in silence, but with Prophet eyes,
Rejoice in Hope, and span a goal beyond the skies.

No higher tribute would I crave from earth,
Than for my grave a simple Daisy flower;
Let Beauty's rose, deck revelry and mirth,
Give me the gem that is not for the hour,

That, as the sun-shine, can withstand the shower ;—
Thou art the Star of beauty I would crave,
Around my heart thou hast a magic power ;
Forsook by man—thou art not *passion's* slave,
Gay Pleasure claims thee not !—thou sweet'ner of the grave.

No monumental stone would I, to mark
The mound wherein my mortal part should rest,
No carved sarcophagus,—for the spark,
Th' immortal soul, shall seek a nobler zest,
More than man's fragile art has e'er express'd ;
Thou flower of Nature, thou alone would I
Should stand up-clad in Nature's humble vest,
God planted thee ! and who can beautify,
Man's last repose so well, as HIM who formed the sky ?

Nursed by the blast, and cradled on the storm,
Alone thou bloomest 'midst the silent graves ;
Nor courteth thou the Summer's bosom warm,
No sun-shine of the heart thy beauty craves—

For sadness is thy home!—where sorrow waves
Her widow tresses—where the orphan's sighs
Moan requiems; as the scalding tear-drop laves
The young grass turf—which upon new graves rise,
Thy root within the earth, thy face turn'd to the skies.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

A VOICE came on the moaning wind,

5

A voice of wail and woe;

Remembrance heard the dreadful sound,

The heart shrunk 'neath its throe;

The forms of all departed ones,

The dearest and the best,

Walk'd forth in visions solemnly,

The kindest—loveliest.

The happy homes of infancy,

And smiles from loved ones' eyes;

Seemed beaming in their silver light,

Like Stars in Summer skies;

Around—around, the Phantoms,
Of pleasure sweet are prest ;
Until we find a *lonesomeness*,
Those loved ones are at rest.

Another year—another year,
Has ta'en eternal flight ;
The past is sunk in darkness now,
In everlasting night :
The rosy cheeks—the flowing hair,
The laugh of health is fled ;
All faded—wither'd—silently,
And number'd with the dead.

The year is past ! how many hopes
Were built when it was *New* ;
Of Fame—and Love—Ambition—Wealth,
Which Fancy's pencil drew :
The Garden flowers were planted,
The Cottage all o'erset,

With vines and honeysuckles wreathed,

The *Vines* are living yet.

The wedding-bells rang merrily,

As welcomes kind and true,

Were given to the lovely Bride,

She never thought to rue :

No cares opprest her blithesome heart,

She pledged the marriage vow,

The Bridegroom smiled all Youth and Love—

She weeps a *Widow* now.

A *vacant* chair stands in the room,

A portrait meets the eye :

We little dreamt last New Year's day,

That form of health would die :

The Mother was not childless then,

Her dawn of hope begun,

She pictur'd all his coming years ;

But *where* is now her Son ?

Go mark yon grave—the new white stone—

Up-raised at its head ;

Read thou the superscription there,

Say, who is it that's dead ?

It is thy Mother !—she who soothed

Thy childhood on her breast ;

Beneath that turf thy Father lies,

There both thy Parents rest.

Is this a time for heartless joy ?

Oh, rather say for prayer ;

Another day like this may come,

But we may not be here :

Oh, what are worldly honours then ?

Ambition's jewell'd crown,

Is but a mouldering monument ;

Time hurls the gewgaw down.

Ah, merry hearts—like merry bells,

Your tuneful notes will change ;

The tolling of the funeral knell,
Is not more sure than strange ;
With a wedding in the morning,
A burial at noon,
Yes, how wonderful life changes,
E'en as the bells their tune.

Hail coming year—hail destiny,
But more than all, hail THOU !
The GREAT ETERNAL who has stamp'd
Thine image on man's brow :
Guide us, we pray, exalt our hearts
Beyond a world like this ;
Thy hallowed spirit on us pour,
And light our souls to bliss.

HEBE.

ALONE she stood beneath the silent night,
Upon her face fair Luna's rays were shed
All silver dipp'd.—Her beauteous auburn hair
Lay in rich curls apart a brow of snow ;
Adown her neck the flowing tresses ran
In one pure stream of beauty.—Her soft eye
Clasp'd with a star of light beamed heavenly,
As from its canopy of blue, the Soul
Look'd up adoring.—By her side a Lute
(Whose latest sound had struck her heart's sweet chords)
Lay listless,—with it, her voice had ceased ;
But not her thought of voice, feelings more deep
Than plaintive song, can tell of plaintive woe,
Spell-bound enrapt her ! Her soul's earthly fire
Was purified ; and a beatitude
Of holy ecstasy, lit her to peace.

THE VANITY OF LIFE.

I saw an aged man,
Whose life had neared its span,
Gazing upon the PICTURE of his youth ;
He spoke not—feelings deep,
O'er his bowed soul would sweep ;
The days of hope with Memory, spake like truth.

A tear stood in his eye,
His tongue lay parch'd—a sigh
Broke from his soul, in silent eloquence ;
A thought of life had past,
His spirit felt the blast,
Which shatter'd every feeling—every sense.

What was the thought that tore
His heart-strings to the core ?
The past—the hours of youthful joy and bliss,
Upon his vision shone,
A once fond happy home ;
His father's look—a mother's peaceful kiss.

Tracing his Childhood up,
Till manhood's bitter cup,
Was full and poisoned to his panting soul ;
The unrequited pang,
Throughout his dreaming rang,
And yet he deeply drank from out the bowl.

Hope lost—love crost—he felt
His hardy spirit melt ;
And shrink aghast beneath the dreadful blow ;
His friends all slept in peace,
Yet he had no release,
Alone he dwelt with Life—a bitter foe.

He smiled !—oh, wherefore he,
Whose life, fell Destiny,
Had made the sport of every passing hour ?
'Twas resignation's calm,
That poured its soothing balm,
And bade him trust beyond an earthly power.

Above his snow-white head,
His palsied hands were spread ;
Whilst hallowed thoughts enrapt the restless strife ;
He prayed—no words he spoke,
But from his eyes there broke
A gleam of joy—he felt Religion's life.

Thoughts such as upwards fly,
To seek Eternity ;
Had winged where Sorrow raiseth not her tear,
Where pangs no more can start,
And rend—or break the heart ;
Thoughts all of heaven alone,—not earth—not here.

SONG OF THE MONTH.

MAY.

THE May!—the May!—the bonny May,
O'er thee, the warm and golden ray,
Of beauteous Spring her garb has spread,
Whilst Flowers en-crown thy Fairy head;
The garden calls thee Queen of flowers,
Thou deckest beauty from thy bowers;
Children beneath thy sunshine play,
And call thee their's—thou bonny May.

The May!—the May!—the rosy May,
At sight of thee all Earth is gay;
The Violets and Daisies shew,
Their eyes of heaven—and breasts of snow;

The Birds grow sweeter in their song,
Sailing thy cloudless skies among ;
In speaking silence flow'rets say,
Our mother is the bonny May.

The May !—the May !—the Festive May,
Music from earth—and woodland spray ;
Dancing upon the village green,
With hawthorn spreading boughs between,
The lads and lasses as they trip,
And nectar from thy fragrance sip ;
Swift on the wing of Joy, away !
We all are thine !—thou bonny May.

LIFE'S DAY OF GRIEF.

MORN came—the blue-eyed morn,
A Mother wept—a Child was born ;
Joy was her grief—and wild
Her soul's devotion for that child ;
She little dreamt that years,
Would turn those blissful, blessed tears,
To drops of agony ;
Wrung from the heart, when Nature's purest fount was dry.

NOON came—the brilliant noon,
A mother sighed.—In manhood's bloom
Her son stood by her side,
Her once fond trusting hope and pride :
A wayward youth was he,
And like a blasted leafless tree,
No shelter did he give
To her,—who would have yielded life for him to live.

EVE came—the golden eve,
A mother knelt ;—she sore did grieve,
 Upon a couch there lay
Her fondest hope.—Life's setting ray
 Was fading from her view ;
Faintly and short His breath he drew ;
 By sickness worn away
He died—dread was HER grief as by him she did pray.

NIGHT came—the darksome night,
A mother mourned.—The taper's light
 Reflected on a *corse* ;
Dry was Her eye—yet keen remorse
 Clung to her heart—She prayed
Whilst on his face, her hands she laid ;
 She shriek'd.—“ I come”—she cried !
Her heart-strings broke—beside her Son the mother died.

STANZAS,

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. HEMANS.

Not to the grave—not to the grave, my soul,
Follow thy Friend belov'd !
But in the lonely hour,
But in the Evening walk,
Think that she accompanies thy solitude ;
Think that she holds with thee,
Mysterious intercourse ;
And though Remembrance wake a tear,
There will be joy in grief.—

Southey.

AND art thou dead ? no ! thou canst never die,
Thy Spirit lives, 'midst sweetest poesie ;
Souls living in the flesh,
Feel all thy worth, and ponder on thy dreams ;
Which cool, and calm the heart, with their bright placid streams.

Streams of pure light all hallowed as a prayer,
Melt with thy rapturous verse.—The very air
Breathes incense to the heart ;

As thy inspiring and ecstatic strain,
Pours healing music,—such as pleasure giveth pain.

Where art thou now?—Thy Spirit whispers, here!

Here! echoeth the Heavens, in that sphere
Where Earth's blest children rest:

Then why should we repine that thou art gone?

Earth *was* thy toilsome place,—Heaven *is* thy blissful home.

Many must weep thee,—weep thee in their joy,

Weep thee with holy rapture:—No alloy
Can crush thy spirit now:

Cold poverty, and colder hearted love,

No more can bow thy head,—thou 'st joined the throng above.

God call'd thee!—He that sent thee here to try

The patience of thy suffering, bade thee die;
Die,—but to live for aye!

In His own time, the seed His hand had sown,

Blossom'd and Fruited well,—He claimed it for His own.

Yes, thou hast gained indeed “ *The better Land*,”
And on its brightest shores now hand in hand,
With sister Angels walk’st :
What must the *past* of earth appear to thee,
How weak—how foolish—vain, this mortal Poesie !

Silent thy harp strings, but the sound lives yet,
Vibrates upon our souls—The seal is set
By Memory—and ye live
Like long-lost, long-lov’d melodies :—ye dwell
Within the hearts recess,—as music in the shell.

Farewell,—the magic of thy verse, no more
Shall add to Poesie’s immortal store ; .
Yet will we dwell on thee :
As on a flower of beauty whose bright bloom
Tho’ wither’d to the sight, sheds all around perfume.

THE ALTAR AND THE THRONE.

SONG.

BREATHE the true prayer on high!—raise ye the loyal hand,
Protect with all your might—the noble Father—land;
Let not unholy lips defile—nor Traitor's brand be thrown,
Defend alike, as sacred trust,—*The Altar and the Throne.*

Can ye forget the blood,—shed by the Bigot's hand,
When Superstition yelled, and wav'd her horrid brand?
Think on the past, the holy dead, the Martyr's dying groan,
For ye endured, then up, defend,—*the Altar and the Throne.*

Unfurl the Banner Blue!—come forth ye as one man,
To God and King be true—then ye 'll avert the ban;
And let your glorious motto be,—one *Traitor's* blush to own,
“The Church of God, the Kingly State,” *The Altar and
the Throne.*

HUMAN HEARTS.

A SIMILE.

“The heart of a believer—once warmed by the Love of God shed abroad by the Spirit, will ever yearn towards his God—and live, and expand, by the continued light of his countenance;—even as the simple flower of the field, that seems to mourn with closing leaves the absence of the sun, again bursts forth at early morn—with increased bloom and sweeter fragrance—to welcome his return.”

The Rev. Jemson Davies.

SAY, what are human hearts !

Flowers varied in their hues—some glorious, bright,

Some scentless bloom,— yet beautiful are they ;

God fashioned all their parts ;

HE spake and they came forth!—MAN formed He from clay.

Flowers varied in their hues !

How variegated is the heart of man !

Strange are our passions, yet more strange that we

Should those bright tints misuse,
Which to the soul are lent to deck eternity.

Some glorious, bright !

Such are the hearts that yearn towards their God,
As flowers that ope their petals to the Sun ;
An everlasting light

Seek they, where blight can never fade—nor death e'er come.

Some *scentless* bloom !

Of these are they by nature's bounty blest,
With Angels' forms—and tongues like music, sweet ;
Yet darksome as the tomb,

Th' immortal mind lies in its lone, and lost retreat.

Yet beautiful are they !

Have we not loved them—loved them in their fall ?

Have we not gazed upon them with delight ?

And lowly for them pray

God's spirit to infuse,—and bend their hearts contrite ?

God fashioned all their parts !
Ecstatic state !—a never dying soul !
Living Eternal !—To the human breast
His glory he imparts ;
And points a path of joy,—an endless blessed rest.

HE spake and they came forth !
All nature at HIS word in beauty rose ;
And Man, the majesty of nature, stood
Master o'er things of Earth ;
HE viewed HIS Spirit's work—and said that it was good.

MAN, formed HE, from clay,
From clay !—from dust !—The outward garb he drew
Inanimate ;—until His hallowed breath,
Warmed with its living ray
Man!—in HIS image made,—whose soul can ne'er know death.

Say, what are human hearts !
Flowers varied in their hues—some glorious bright ;

Some scentless bloom,—yet beautiful are they ;
God fashioned all their parts ;
He spake and they came forth !—MAN formed He from clay.

A SIMILE.

YON Evening Star which shines so silv'ry bright,
Is in itself a great and glorious world,
Though but a spark to mortal confined sight.—
So is the flash that lights the eye—its ray,
Beams from the soul in an unbounded sway.

M A L I B R A N.

YOUTH—VIRTUE—GENIUS—BEAUTY—WEALTH—and SONG,

Mourn—wail—heart-rending weep ;—

Call up your treasure, from the graves among,

Where it doth calmly sleep :—

Sleep—ne'er to wake upon Earth's void again,

Till the last trumpet sounds—its awful—glorious strain.

Where is thy strength, oh *Youth*?—say, *Virtue*, where

Thy angel purity?

Genius thy fire?—*Beauty* thy spell so rare,

In part divinity?—

Wealth, count thy dross,—such as to mortals given;

Song—spirit, where art thou? gone to thy native heaven!

But why should we repine,—since all must die;

Be wise, and learn from this,

How frail is human power;—The Deity

Points out eternal bliss ;
Bliss beyond transient things of worldly pride,
Death and *Corruption* laugh !—Man's glory they deride.

Pride, deck thyself in cloth of finest gold,

Let diamond coronal

Circle thy brow,—still art thou mortal mould,

Still wilt thou fall—and *shall* !

Tho' millions serv'd thee,—aye, and in thy turn

Thou shalt bow down and serve,—the craving—callous worm !

Yes, the bright eye is quench'd—the breathing look

Of an enraptur'd soul,

Has faded passionless :—clos'd is life's book ;—

Ambition's mighty scroll

Rots i' the earth.—The list'ning ear no more

Expands with ecstacy ;—'tis hush'd, *her* strain is o'er.

The harp is broken—and the lute-strings lie

Snap't 'neath th' enthusiast's stroke ;

Th' excess of harmony burst,—but to die,
Swan-like she ceas'd,—ne'er spoke ;
In sweetest melody her life did fade,
She sank, like flowers that close, beneath the *twilight* shade.

The night-winds sigh in vain—no more the sun
Of life on her shall rise,—
That once fond face !—The senses now would shun
Looks they were wont to prize :—
Alas, that such should find the early tomb ;
Gaze wordlings in Her grave—thus mirror'd is your doom.

Youth—Virtue—Genius !—Beauty—Wealth—and Song—
Mourn—wail—heart-rending weep ;
Call up your treasure from the graves among,
Where it doth calmly sleep :—
Sleep—ne'er to wake upon Earth's void again,
Till the last trumpet sounds—its awful—glorious strain.

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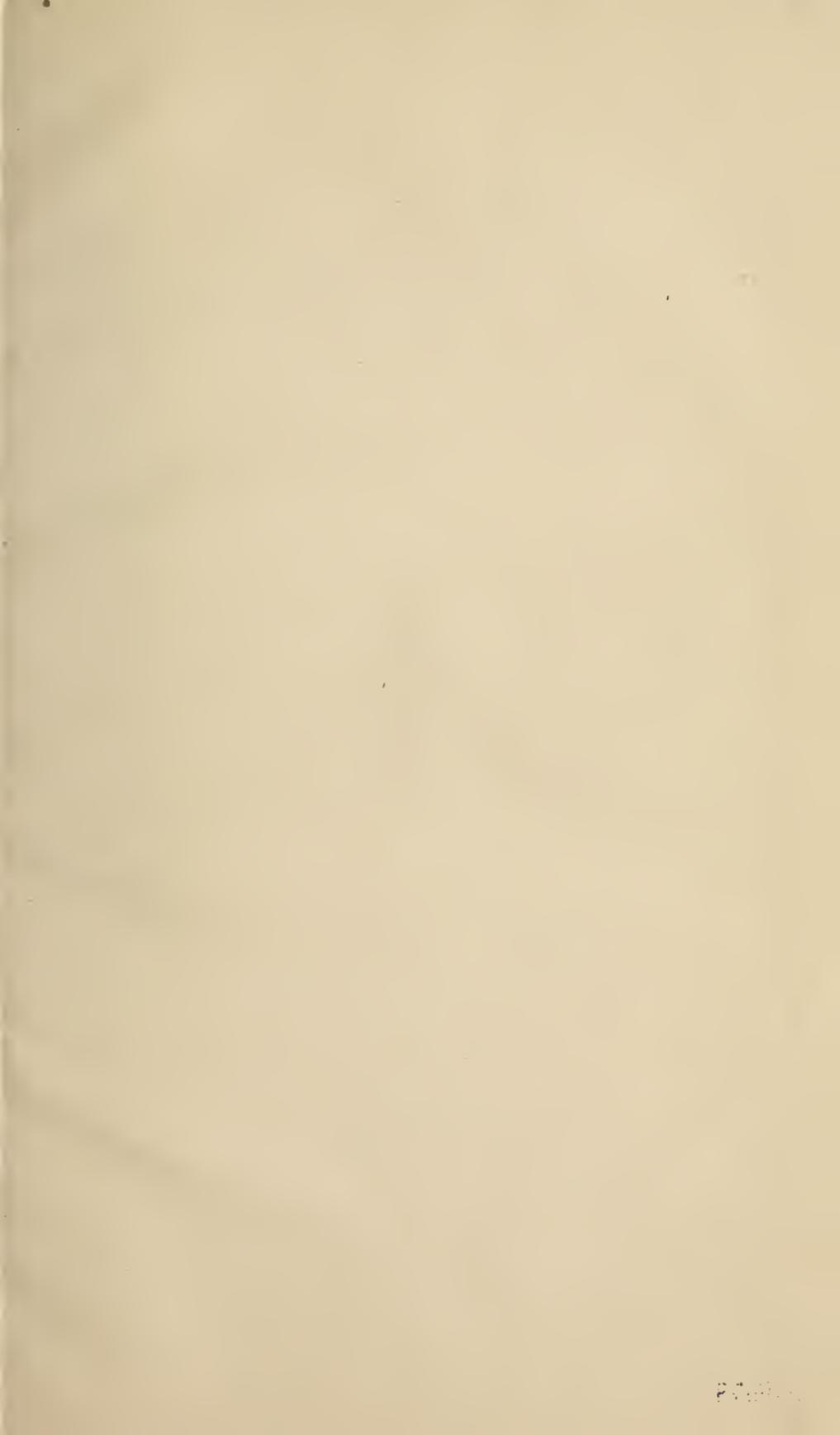
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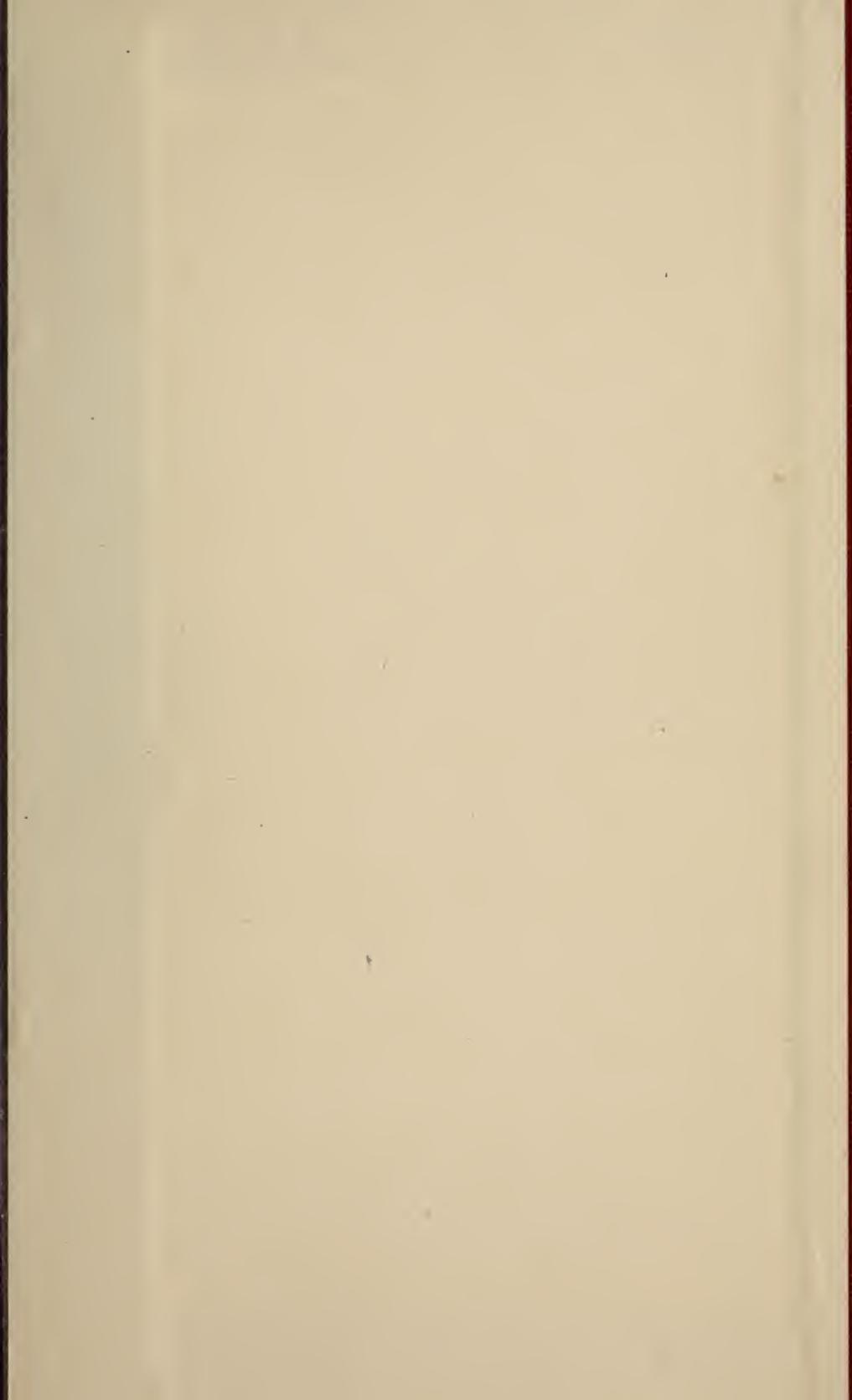
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